EC. 21, 1940

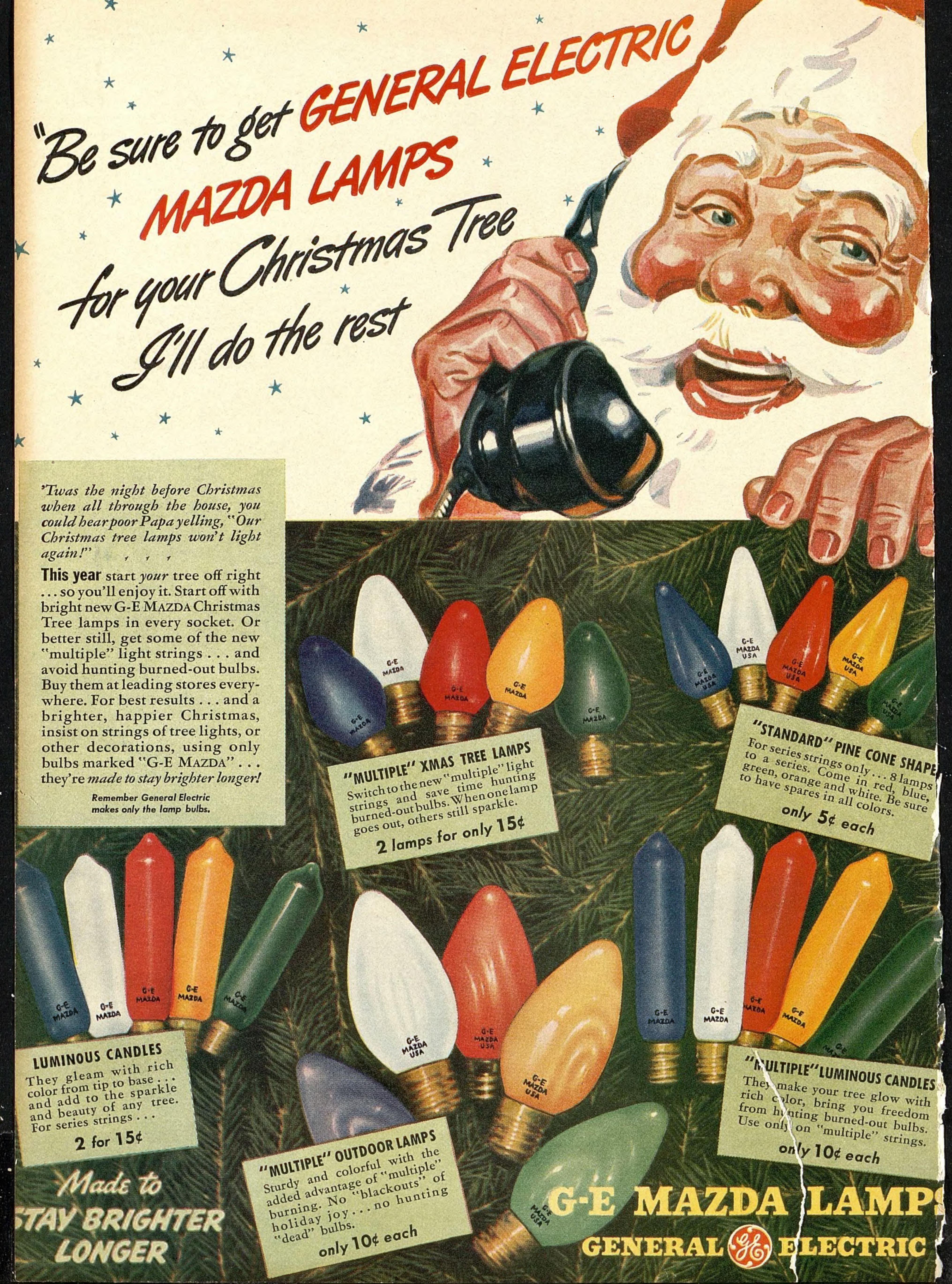
Liberty

5¢

THE AMERICAN
WAY OF LIFE

DEMOCRACY REAPS THE WHIRLWIND– AN EXCLUSIVE MESSAGE TO AMERIC
BY MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

SAW WAR'S HELL ON THE HIGH SEAS, by Robert Lov



'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house, you could hear poor Papa yelling, "Our Christmas tree lamps won't light again!" . . .

This year start *your* tree off right . . . so you'll enjoy it. Start off with bright new G-E MAZDA Christmas Tree lamps in every socket. Or better still, get some of the new "multiple" light strings . . . and avoid hunting burned-out bulbs. Buy them at leading stores everywhere. For best results . . . and a brighter, happier Christmas, insist on strings of tree lights, or other decorations, using only bulbs marked "G-E MAZDA" . . . they're *made to stay brighter longer!*

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They gleam with rich color from tip to base . . . and add to the sparkle and beauty of any tree. For series strings . . .

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"MULTIPLE" LUMINOUS CANDLES

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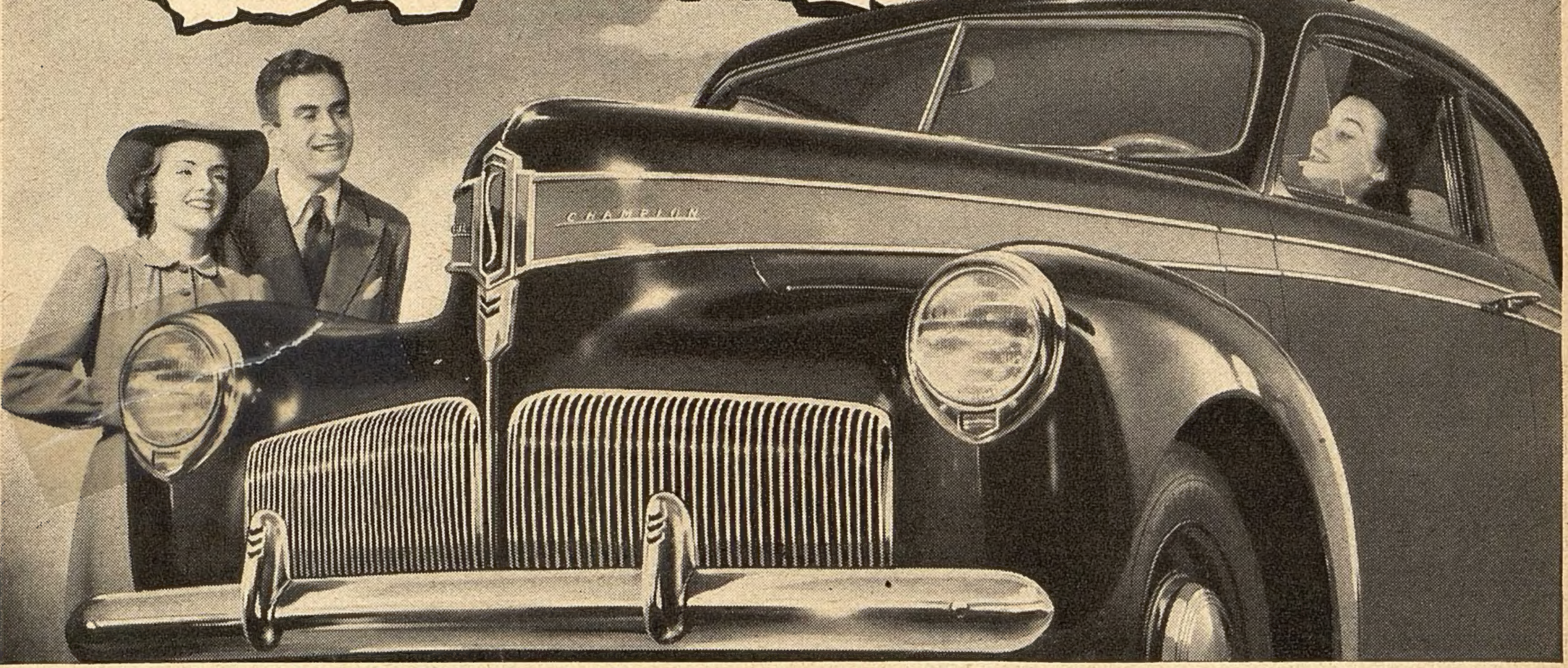

Illustrated: Champion Custom Club Sedan $730 delivered at factory—contrasting-color belt $5 extra

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Nine distinctive body colors!
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ONLY LOWEST PRICE CAR WITH *ALL* THESE FEATURES

Automatic choke for easier starting in cold weather — prevents stalling — increases economy on any grade of gasoline.

Shock-proofed variable ratio steering that makes parking easier and keeps your Champion on even keel on turns.

Economatic shift with overdrive eliminates practically all use of the clutch in shifting—gives you 3 to 5 miles per gallon free. You do what you want to do, when you want to do it. Exclusive in the lowest price field with the Studebaker Champion. Optional at added cost.

Angle-set ventilating vanes that provide draft-free ventilation and keep out rain, snow and sleet.

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SAVE money by putting your new-car money into this big, value-loaded, beautifully styled new 1941 Studebaker Champion sedan—the lowest priced 6-cylinder sedan in America.

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These sedans are complete with bumper guards, twin tail lights, an exceptionally capacious trunk plus an array of other extras that would cost you many dollars extra in most other lowest price cars.

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DECEMBER 21, 1940

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

GLORIFY CHRISTMAS WITH THE NIGHT OF LIGHT

BERNARR
MACFADDEN

Throughout all Europe blackouts are frequently necessary. Thundering airplanes, weighted with death-dealing bombs, give the warnings, and the noncombatants — men, women, and children—run like scared rabbits and hide themselves in cellars, bombproof shelters, subways, anywhere to avoid the roaring murder.

We are safe here in this country. We read about the torturous suffering endured by our European brethren, and our sympathy goes out to them. It is difficult, when the horrors of that situation are before us, to arouse the spirited appreciation that should be associated with the splendors of holiday gaiety.

Last year we inaugurated a Night of Light on Christmas Eve. A full-page announcement appeared in many newspapers. Mayors, governors, officials throughout the country joined with us in asking that you encourage the thankful spirit by lighting your windows, by turning on every light within your control on this Night of Light.

It was Longfellow who said, " The great world of light, that lies behind all human destinies "; therefore let's make this Christmas Eve shed its fullest brilliancy up to the midnight hour. This holiday season is indeed an occasion for us to be filled with deep heartfelt gratitude. There is no blackout in this country. We are referred to by foreign dictators as a decrepit democracy, a senile race that is on the down grade. We have the Herculean task before us of preparing to meet this grim challenge. But this is no time for humiliating acquiescence to the demands of murderous dictators who take the lives of noncombatants with brutal nonchalance.

We are free! Liberty is still with us! Celebrate with brilliant lights in every window. Show your patriotism. Tell your neighbors where you stand in this world-wide struggle between dictators and democracy, between civilization and savagery, between atheism and Christianity.

In whatever community you live use your influence to make this Christmas bright and happy—an occasion to be remembered for years to come. Contact the officials in your community. Ask them to light up their municipal buildings on this Night of Light. Communicate with your mayor, your governor. Use your influence with the various business organizations, Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis, Rotary, and other organizations.

The lights will be dimmed, inky darkness may be necessary throughout many European countries this Christmas night, but we should be a brilliant exception.

Your spirits may be dampened with a disheartening outlook, but if your smile radiates sunshine, if there is a living light of teeming vitality within your heart and mind, the future cannot be dark and forbidding.

Woodrow Wilson said in a speech on one occasion, " The thing to do is to supply light and not heat."

We must gird up our loins for the fight that is to come. Our pioneer ancestors were a hardy race. They lived next to nature. They had fighting spirit in abundance. Our whole country today, every citizen, should begin to train for the contest that may be terrific. Democracy is worth saving. Americanism stands for principles that have given our people a taste of the glories of freedom.

Tennyson tells us that " God and Nature met in light," and we should make the Night of Light an occasion for glad rejoicing. For the time being we should forget our troubles and revel in the scintillating splendor that should compete with the midday sun. Let your light shine forth with the hope that it will pierce the darkness of ignorance, intolerance, even shed its powerful rays upon the tyranny, brutality, and ghastly injustice that is now making civilization hang its head in shame.

Join in this universal demand to make Christmas Eve a Night of Light in every hamlet, town, and city—everywhere.

Bernarr Macfadden

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"Praise the Pilots' Mothers!"

BLACKPOOL, ENGLAND—On behalf of thirty-five R. A. F. boys billeted here during training, I want you to know how eagerly we look forward to Liberty's arrival. Before it has passed the rounds it is well thumbed.

Covering as it does such a wide variety of topical interest, so expressive of American opinion, it appeals to us all, as—particularly just now—all American ideas and ideals are of absorbing interest.

Cut off from our homes and people, time can hang heavily; but Liberty dispels any boredom. For instance, Mr. Macfadden's editorials on health arouse keen discussion amongst us.

We have an old short-wave radio, and now it is so depressing to fish the long and medium waves, getting mere "Naztiness" from a score of stations once so gay. We find it refreshing to "radio-evacuate" to the free air of the United States, to hear novel and newsy programs. But that's only half the game: it's reassuring and stimulating to keep up a day-to-day contact with the rest of the free world.

You would be amazed at the subjects that come up for discussion in the evenings, when parades and the day's work are done. Seeing a casualty list of R. A. F. pilots' names in the press, "Scotty"—a usually dour laddie from Aberdeen, whose only interest is playing songs of the Hebrides on his cornet—astonished us all by sayings like this: "Praise the pilots' mothers!"

That led to a discussion on De Quincey's essay, The English Mail Coach, in which passengers on the coach carry news of the victory of Talavera, achieved only at a terrible cost. One of the troopers' mothers had an only son in the 23d Dragoons of the Peninsular Army.

He tells her not of the funeral banners under which the noble regiment was sleeping, but of how they rode their horses into the mists of death as gaily as hunters to the morning chase, to save old Mother England.

It is said that great events produce great writers. Is there, I wonder, some young De Quincey to write about the mothers of today's airmen, as he wrote of that trooper's mother in the year 1809, or a poet to write about the sort of moonlight night when, escaping from a Spitfire following, a Heinkel bomber wins to a cloudy space?

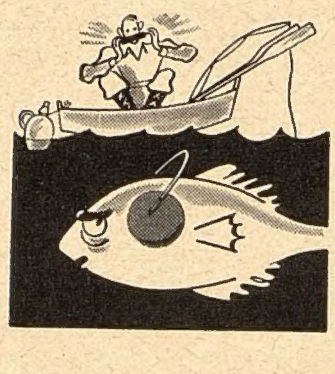
That old insular hard-to-understand offhandedness which was so typically British is now "gone with the wind." There is a new spirit of Roosevelt's "good neighbor" element everywhere—one really knows one's suburban next door-er now. All try to be pally and pull together in the greatest of all efforts, comforting and "jollying" and supporting those mothers whose sons have "not gone back."

Carry on, Liberty! "Go to it!" as our popular slogan has it, and don't let American opinion get slack concerning Hitlerism.—*Harry M. Deeley.*

YES, FISH HAVE EARS

BOISE, IDA.—Fish are not deaf. Higher classes of fish are able to sense true sound vibrations with internal ears.

Although it is doubtful if fishermen talking in a boat can disturb fish, atmospheric sounds sufficiently intense can be heard by fish in the water. I know a fisherman who claims that playing on his harmonica attracts fish, especially the playing of sad music.—*Charlie Brodbeck.*



BEST FEATURE IN LONG TIME

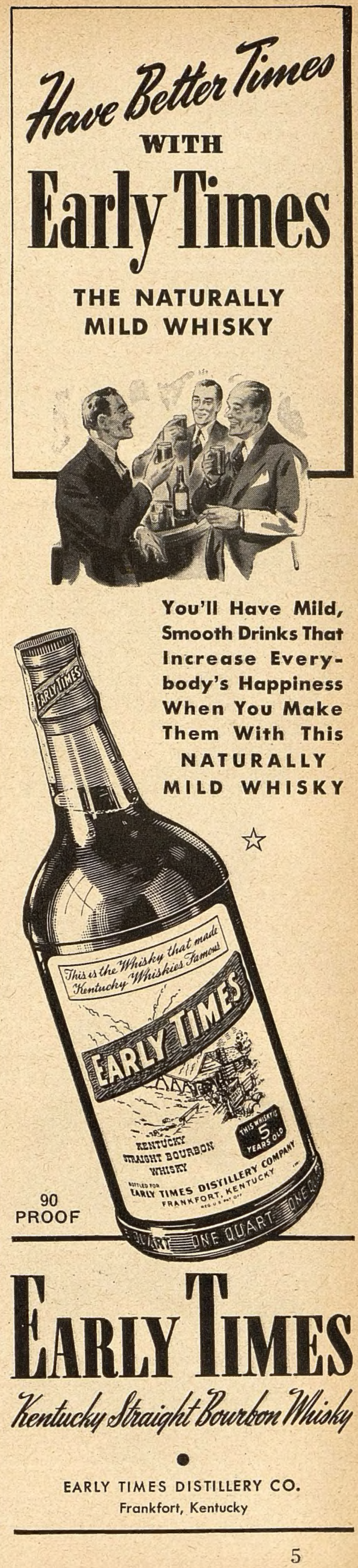
NEW YORK N Y—AS ONE OF LIBERTYS OLDEST READERS WISH TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON NATHANS GRAND THEATER ARTICLES THEY CONSTITUTE BEST NEW FEATURE YOUVE GIVEN US IN A LONG TIME GIVE US HIM EVERY WEEK PLEASE IF YOU POSSIBLY CAN REGARDS—JOHN ARLINGTON ADAMS

GOING—GOING—GONE

BENNINGTON, VT.—If it is true that under President Roosevelt's administration the workingman's hours have been shortened, in the next four years will they be shortened so much they will be reduced to zero? — *Collins Millard Graves.*

RIPLEY WOULD STUMP HIMSELF!

HUNTSVILLE, TEX.—No human alive or dead could correctly answer twenty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of Ripley's Forty Questions offhand (November 9 Liberty).

No college prof, no librarian, journalist, no I. Q. shark, nor any one else, including Ripley himself, could make a passing grade on that quiz.

I'd like to know what grade Liberty's editorial staff could make on those 40 questions—but of course they'd never confess!—*Paul C. Smith.*

CLERGYMAN ON SABOTAGE

PULASKI, N. Y.—I read with interest Fulton Oursler's The Lady Suggested Sabotage (November 9 Liberty), and sincerely thank him for giving so candid and fair a presentation of Miss Chappell's article, for the publication of which in an official paper of Methodism I can find no excuse.

If the reply you published from the pen of Dr. W. E. J. Gratz is the best explanation he can give, then I think he owes an apology to the church he serves, and to the people of the United States of America. — *(Rev.) W. A. Gardner.*

LITERARY SLEUTHING

PITTSBURGH, PA. — Revenge Without Words, by Michael Hall (November 9 Liberty), is recounted in The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer by Charles Lever.

The date of the encounter between the Englishman and the Frenchman, according to Mr. Hall, was the year 1840. The name of the English officer, General Sir James Simpson.

The Confessions of Harry Lorrequer, in which this yarn appears, was published in book form in 1839. Compare Lever's account in Chapter XXX with Mr. Hall's. The date of this encounter, as related by Lever, must have been 1815-16.—*John S. Gershom.*

[Quite a few readers drew our attention to this similarity in yarning, and to them and Mr. Gershom we give Michael Hall's explanation: "The story written by me was from a news item published in the Pall Mall Gazette and later republished verbatim in the New York Sun (1869). As Lever wrote it, the tale takes up some four or more pages. It may have been taken from his book by a clever journalistic hand and refashioned to his allotted space—I wouldn't know. But I do know that good stories are like seed blown by the wind, and it is often almost impossible to get at their origin."]

WHICH STATE IS IT?

DES MOINES, IA.—
There's a state in our fair land
Where they never fool with trifles;
They split their rails
With their fingernails
And they shoot their dice with rifles.
—*C. W. Deaton.*

THE GIRL WHO IS NOT TO BE

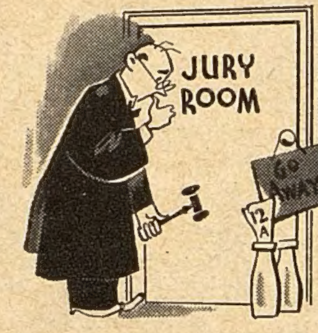
MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Some love stories give me nostalgia for a girl such as your heroines are—with big brown eyes, dark hair, a divine figure, and love for the outdoors.

That's your only fault, Liberty. You bring melancholy for the girl who is not to be.—*Fond but Foolish Idealist.*

IF JURORS WERE LAWYERS

GRAND ISLAND, NEB.—I must inform Art Lanston (November 9 Vox Pop) that he is not the first who has suggested that lawyers serve on juries. The idea was tried here in Nebraska.

A twelve-man jury composed of lawyers was impaneled in a case in a court of general jurisdiction. The case was tried in three hours. The jury retired. As evening approached, it was inquired of the jury whether it was ready to report. The reply was no. The deliberation continued throughout that night and next day. At the end of the second day the judge could no longer restrain his curiosity over the time which this lawyer-jury required. He knocked on the door of the jury room and asked whether the jury had reached a verdict. He received the reply from within: "Reached a verdict? Heavens, no! We're still making nomination speeches for foreman."—*Carl E. Willard.*



CARDS FOR KISSES

ALFRED, N. Y. — Sidney Lenz overlooked one of literature's well known poems "featuring a game of cards" when he gave his Contract Quiz (November 2 Liberty). Apelles' Song, from John Lyly's Alexander and Campaspe, tells the story of how "Cupid blind did rise."

The opening couplet is—

"Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses: Cupid paid."
—*Alan Parks.*

REPUBLIC, NOT DEMOCRACY?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—No one can be faithful to that solemn oath, "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands" and talk of democracy at the same time.

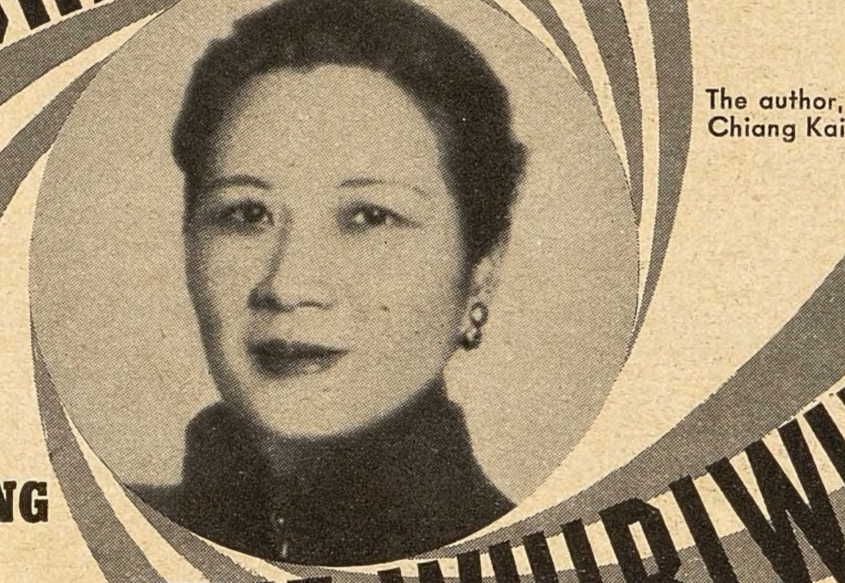
Our government was established as a republic, opposed to democracy on the one side and to monarchy on the other.

Alexander Hamilton, the master mind of the Constitutional Convention, said, "We are forming a republican government. Real liberty is never found in democracy."

Read the almost forgotten books of the founding fathers, Journal of the Constitutional Convention and the Federalist (above all Numbers X and XIV) and see what you think.—*John J. Fleck.*

¶ A last word from John Parry of Paterson, New Jersey: "Tie this: there's a lone picket here carrying a big sign outside his humble little home, which fairly yells, 'Husband on strike. Mother-in-law unfair to marriage. Help me win!'"

DEMOCRACY REAPS THE WHIRLWIND



The author, Mme. Chiang Kai-shek

An exclusive message to America by

MAYLING SOONG CHIANG

(MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK)

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

"We have been abandoned by our friends" . . . The First Lady of China speaks with startling frankness

THERE is nothing like a great conflagration to clear the way for large-scale city improvement, and there is perhaps nothing like a war such as we in China have been waging in self-defense to prepare the way for a far-reaching remolding of our national character in particular and our national life in general.

The fires of war have burned into our soul—and blazoned upon the sky for all who have eyes to see—some startling revelations and unexpected changes. Political disunity disappeared in a flash before Japanese aggression. More important, the physical and moral cowardice which was supposed to be born and bred in our bones and blood faded as if by magic. Instead of ancient China falling prostrate and groveling before the Japanese invaders, China's ill-armed people, unsupported by other nations, stood on their feet in stalwart defiance, and were mowed down in their millions by the most ferocious and inhumane type of warfare that had ever been let loose upon human beings.

The Japanese invented and applied the "total" warfare now known as "blitzkrieg." But, for three long years and more, the Chinese people have shown the world how to face and endure it. Truly a miracle, if ever a miracle has, in contemporary times, been chronicled. And if one miracle is possible, why not another?

This thought has led me to make an attempt to stimulate my compatriots to reform by laying bare certain evils within our country which became inherent solely because they were of benefit to the old-time official class, and have been tolerated up to this period because no one cared publicly to condemn them. What I should not like to see is that foreign readers of translations of my writings should gain the impression that I hold our people solely responsible for all that is wrong with China, or imply that what is right with China is due solely to foreign influence. Far from it.

Occidental science, technique, and learning of all kinds have conferred great benefits upon China. We have still much more to draw from the founts of foreign knowledge. But my countrymen probably would not agree, after these three tragic years of unrestrained desolation of their land, that much that is good or wise could be learned from the equivocal evolution, as they have witnessed it, of foreign policy. In fact, some rather strong views upon that subject are being entertained, and, since I have been free in pillorying the pet peccadilloes of our people for foreign edification, they consider it incumbent upon me to express their feelings and reactions with regard, at least, to the value of foreign promises and performances in the field of international politics.

Democratic statesmen have fallen far short of that lofty ideal of honorable recognition and fulfillment of obligations that has been set up before our people. Treaties, agreements, and understandings have gone with the wind of self-interest, and, so far as we of China are concerned, we have been virtually abandoned, and even victimized, by those in high authority whom we had been taught we could regard with unshaken confidence as our friends. To our people it is unutterably sad that for three weary, heartbreaking years of heroic resistance we have been left without help to combat a savage aggressor in a war which is not ours alone but which is that of all democracies.

It is painful to have to say that my countrymen, rightly or wrongly, have been forced by their terrible experiences to a conclusion derogatory to respect for the democracies. The people of China are convinced that the warfare now cleaving Europe and shocking the whole world is directly due to failure of the democracies to appraise correctly the character and intentions of Japan.

It is the opinion of the Chinese people, too, that the negative attitude of the democracies toward Japanese aggression in China constituted a violation of treaties and international undertakings which was as reprehensible and as disastrous to international honor and good faith as the positive abrogations and acts of violence of which Japan was guilty when she invaded Manchuria in September, 1931, and China proper in July, 1937.

Japan's easy conquest of Manchuria by unscrupulous means was but an example of how an aggressor could safely kick irksome principles into limbo and survive unscathed to enjoy not only the possession of the "conquered" territory, but also the continued political, economic, and social good will and friendship of those democratic nations which were originally the most vociferous in their denunciation of the aggression. Japan had tested international reactions to undeclared warfare, to the wholesale abrogation of treaties; and she found them empty of danger—either immediate or remote.

What other encouragement did the militarists of Japan require to set about tackling China? None. When her plans were perfected for further outrage she expanded the "Manchurian Incident" into the "North China Incident," and that, in turn, into the "China Incident." Soon it promises to assume the stature of an "Asia Incident."

When Japan invaded Manchuria we refrained from resisting because the League of Nations undertook to adjust matters. They lost the region for us. There was a difference, however, when the Japanese proceeded to invade China proper. Then we abandoned faith in international undertakings, and we fought. For more than three years now Japan has been gouging with ferocious intensity at the very vitals of our country. She set the example for the wholesale slaughter and destruction now running riot in Europe—an example that might never have materialized had the democracies only fulfilled their obligations to China by restraining Japan. Penalization of Japan would have nipped aggression in the bud. The pity of it is that up to now there has been no actual punishment, nor has there been any rebuke for her impertinences, her trespasses upon the rights of the democracies, or her bellicose bluffing.

Without any appreciable aid from the democracies, which professed to be horrified, the people of China have suffered hardships such as no other race on earth has ever been called upon to endure. We have survived the ordeal; and, contrary to all preconceived ideas entertained by foreigners claiming expert knowledge of China, we have succeeded in inflicting punishment in full measure upon the Japanese, and in bogging down their colossal military machine in our vast hinterland.

FOR those three years, however, the Chinese people saw the professed defenders of international law and order failing to come to our aid or even to support our cause openly. We know the explanation, the excuse—that no one was ready to fight. Nor were we; but we fought. Think what would have been the situation in the world today had we refrained from defending ourselves, had we surrendered.

Those nations who were expected to employ every means in their power to defend right against might have made it abundantly clear to the Chinese people that they would not openly help to defend anything—in Asia. On the contrary, they seemed to be striving to avoid difficulties by obeying the dictates of Japan. The American government ordered airplanes, bought by China before the opening of hostilities, to be removed from an American steamer then at a port on the west coast of the United States; the Australian government refused to permit even the parts of a private passenger airplane to be assembled in Sydney and flown to China. But both countries eagerly supplied war materials to Japan. The British and French governments were meticulous in avoiding actions calculated to give umbrage to Japan. The British government refused to allow British military or air experts to aid China; the American government threatened its technical instructors working with the Chinese Air Force with loss of citizenship. A similar fate was to befall any American who volunteered to fight in the air for China. Yet quite a contrary policy was pursued with regard to the war in Spain.

All this our people had before their eyes while they saw their homes being blown to pieces and their fellow beings slaughtered, robbed, impoverished, or made victims of opium.

THE continued willingness of the democracies to regard Japan as an equal, to shake the bloodstained hands of her ambassadors, to court her trade emissaries, while lodging futile and empty face-saving protests which did not save any one's face, presented an astonishing spectacle to the Chinese people, and encouraged the Japanese to laugh up their sleeves while they flouted the protests. It was no wonder to our people that Japan refused any longer to respect or fear the democracies.

France capitulated to Japan's pressure, and the route of supplies through Indo-China was closed with the suddenness of a pinpricked balloon; Great Britain vainly attempted to appease Japan by the temporary closing of the Burma Road. And America? It was three years before America did so much (although now she has recently done somewhat more) as to place a controlling hand upon the sale to Japan of scrap steel and aviation gasoline; and even that was done with the cautious explanation that this measure was adopted merely for the sake of self-defense, and was not necessarily aimed specially at Japan.

This has led the Chinese people to think that America could not in any wise explain away her attitude of the past three years, for it must be remembered that while impartial, justice-loving Americans did try to do all they could to point out the significance of China's struggle and aid China in relief work, others in America amassed profits by selling to Japan the necessities of warfare. Eighty per cent of Japan's war supplies came from America—and 95 per cent of the aviation gasoline which was used by Japan in her ruthless bombing was American.

China has thus been compelled to fight a war not of her own making with a Power which has been aided and abetted unstintingly by the markets of the democracies. These markets were virtually closed to us, for no help was given us to avail ourselves of them. China has been the champion of the principles for which other democracies are now at war, but mention of what China has been able to do for the cause is seldom if ever made—an amazing situation.

If China has done nothing else, she has at least crippled the might of Japan so that Japan cannot swiftly fulfill the program long ago revealed in the notorious Tanaka Memorial for securing the hegemony of Asia and the domination of the whole Pacific. With her army, her air force, and her navy intact, and with no such millstone round her neck as a tenacious and resisting China, Japan would have been able with consummate ease to destroy British, French, and American power in Asia.

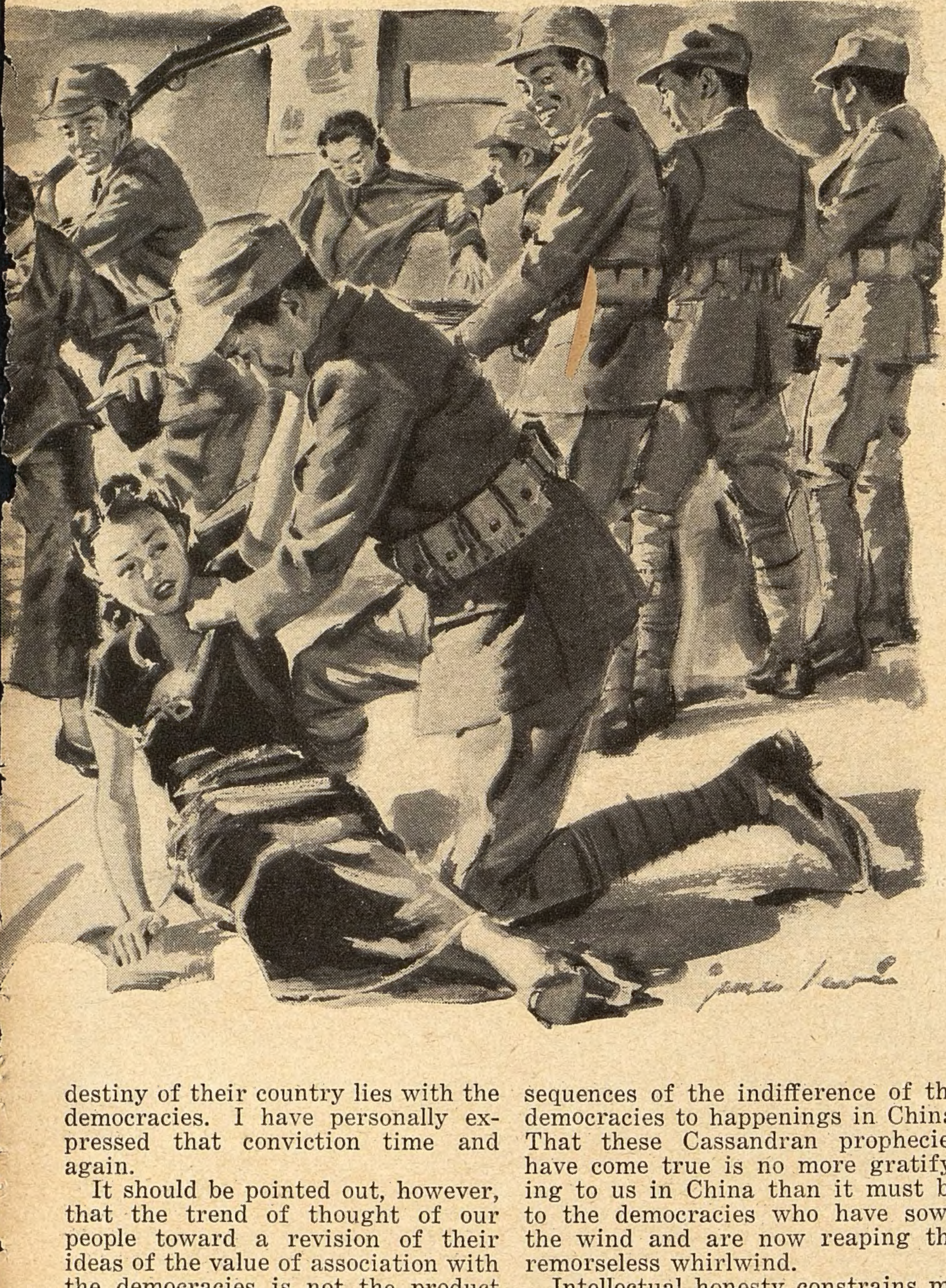
Japan set the example for the slaughter now running riot in Europe.

Our people feel that America, instead of giving any further assistance to Japan, should fully recognize the debt she owes to them for keeping occupied in China 3,000,000 men of the Japanese army, including those killed and wounded, thus giving America time to catch her breath and strengthen her defenses. That it has been recognized by the democracies so tardily and honored so incompletely is causing our people to feel more and more that, if China's rights and contributions continue to be ignored, China will be forced in the future so to conduct herself that the democratic governments may know that if she could get along without them in the turmoil of war, she can get along without them in the less perilous times of peace.

This would be a regrettable attitude for China to be constrained to adopt, since it has always been felt by intelligent Chinese that the destiny of their country lies with the democracies. I have personally expressed that conviction time and again.

It should be pointed out, however, that the trend of thought of our people toward a revision of their ideas of the value of association with the democracies is not the product of momentary fancy, nor has it been molded in any way by the startling and unexpected events in Europe. Whatever change of thought may take place will be born of the realization of democratic inadequacy in defending proclaimed principles; plus the studied refusal to treat Japan as an aggressor; plus the apparently considered refusal to credit China with her unprecedented contribution to democratic stability and defense; plus the absence of free and fair acknowledgement of her help, of her great and grievous sacrifices in fighting aggression and thus upholding democratic principles.

This list of delinquencies of the democracies cannot in any way be ascribed to that spurious wisdom which often comes after the maturity of an event. Space does not allow me to quote the many warnings I have uttered during the past three years with regard to the serious consequences of the indifference of the democracies to happenings in China. That these Cassandran prophecies have come true is no more gratifying to us in China than it must be to the democracies who have sown the wind and are now reaping the remorseless whirlwind.



Intellectual honesty constrains me to point out that throughout the first three years of resistance Soviet Russia extended to China, for the actual purchase of war materials and other necessities, credits several times larger in amount than the credits given by either Great Britain or America. Both these countries, indeed, circumscribed their advances with conditions which prevented even one cent of the money being used for badly needed munitions, equipment, or war material of any kind. Furthermore, at the meetings of the League of Nations, it was Russia who took an uncompromising stand in support of China's appeal that active measures should be adopted to brand Japan as the aggressor. Russia acted similarly during the Brussels Conference. On both occasions Britain, France, and other member nations compromised their consciences. When Japan protested through her ambassador in Moscow that the aid extended to China by Russia was a breach of neutrality, Russia did not wilt, or surrender, or compromise, but continued to send supplies of arms to China.

It will doubtless be said that Russia has been aiding China for selfish interests. In reply to this I may point out that Russian help has been unconditional; that China has never asked any nation to fight for her. And, I may add, if democracy is to survive the policy of " One for one and all for none," statesmanlike foresight should see that it is replaced with the policy of " One for all and all for one."

What has happened, however—and what has not happened—is another great lesson to the Chinese people, another bitter lesson that they will never forget. They will remember never to believe in international promises, no matter how many imposing seals adorn the documents.

One thing they have been taught is that China must aim, in her future national development, at attaining self-reliance. She will have to devise means so that for all time she will not need to depend upon others. I have been trying to emphasize this idea in the training of my students, so that they might have competency and be capable of facing life without fear. If the war should end tomorrow, a firm foundation on this score can be erected by any one who is not afraid of hard work.

WHAT the future holds no one can tell, of course. If, unhappily for the democracies as well as for China, we should be defeated in the end, at least the world ought to know that we were beaten not because of lack of courage — either moral or physical — but because China was strangled to death by an economic noose fashioned by Japan out of British appeasement, American profiteering, and French fear.

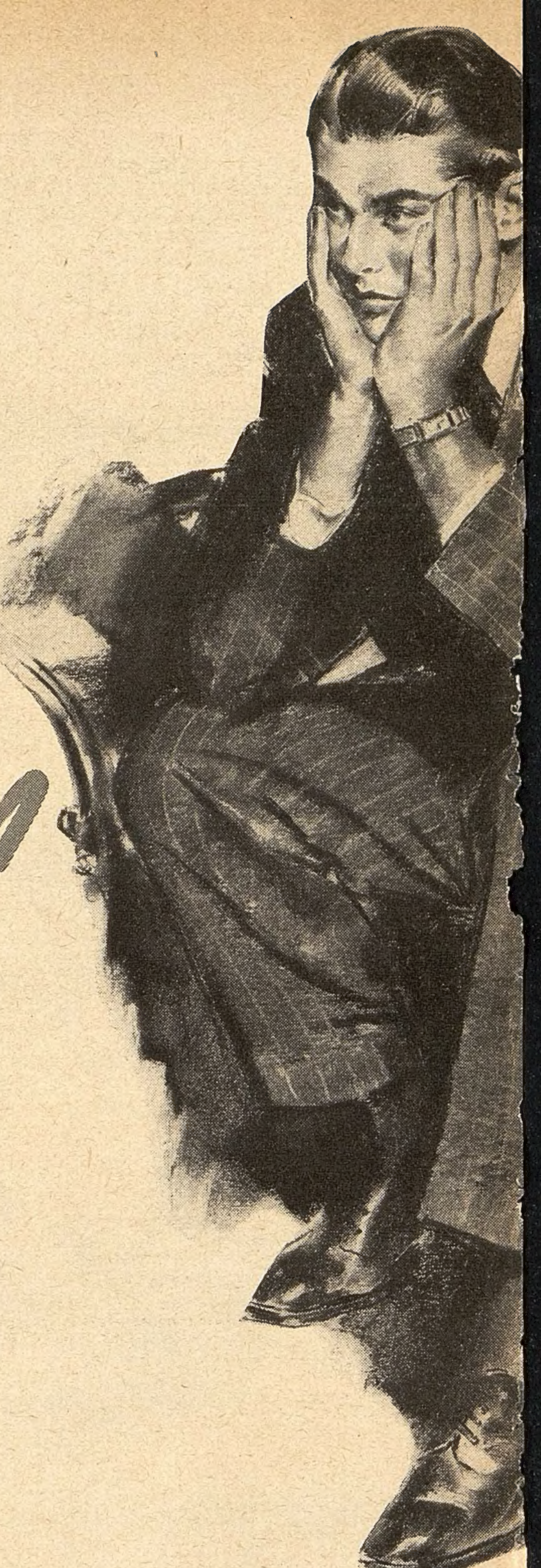
The spirit of China is unconquerable. Whatever happens, we will prove our valor and our honor. An old-fashioned word—honor, yet a word of sterling worth. It has suffered an eclipse, or a partial eclipse, in international relationship for some years, but we hope to see it emerge again shining like a lustrous beacon.

To all the citizens of the democracies who have given their time, their substance, and their sympathy to succor and encourage the millions of stricken ones in our country, goes out the abiding gratitude of all the Chinese people.

THE END

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DAREDEVIL Dayton



By HOWARD BRUBAKER

ON a rainy October Saturday night I called up Valerie Falcott from my room at the Aikley Arms and asked whether I might come out and see her. I had sound reasons for taking this step, as I never do things on impulse. I always govern my conduct by my personal program—the Ernest Dayton Intelligent Life Plan. When in doubt I ask myself, "Is it good EDILP?" and act accordingly.

Valerie's voice rippled over the wire: "But absolutely, darling. I'm simply perishing to see you, Ernie. I haven't laid an eye on you for a million years."

Do not be misled by her exaggerated form of speech. In her language "darling" means somebody she knows, "simply perishing" means willing, and "a million years" signifies a couple of weeks.

For example, the last time I had asked her for a date she had spoken the same way; yet she had soon torn herself from me and visited hot spots with "Gink" Willet (who had first borrowed five dollars from me). I had stayed at the house till ten o'clock talking with Mr. Falcott about oil burners, brass plumbing, and termites, for I am in real estate.

Since my name is unknown outside of our city, I will give a statement of my assets and liabilities as of that rainy October 15th. I am a junior executive in the firm of Kennerly, Starbank and Spink, Real Estate, Insurance, and Money to Loan on Improved Property. We are the leading realtors in Grayport. I have been with the company five years and my advancement has been steady yet not too rapid for safety. I collect rents and interest, inspect property for mortgage loans, and sell lots in our development Brookripple, or at least try to, though I am more the executive than the salesman type.

I show my loyalty to my firm by living in the Aikley Arms, an obsolete apartment house which we own because of a mortgage which went sour. I am twenty-five, a graduate of high school and business college. I am light brown of hair, five feet seven in height, fourteen and a half of shirt, and vocally a second tenor. My hair is always neatly combed, my shoes glossy. I buy good quality clothes of conservative pattern and wear them quite a long time. In my relations with my fellow man I am friendly but not gushy, generous though not to a fault.

Though my habits are good, I am no saint. I smoke four times a day and drink two or three beers every week.

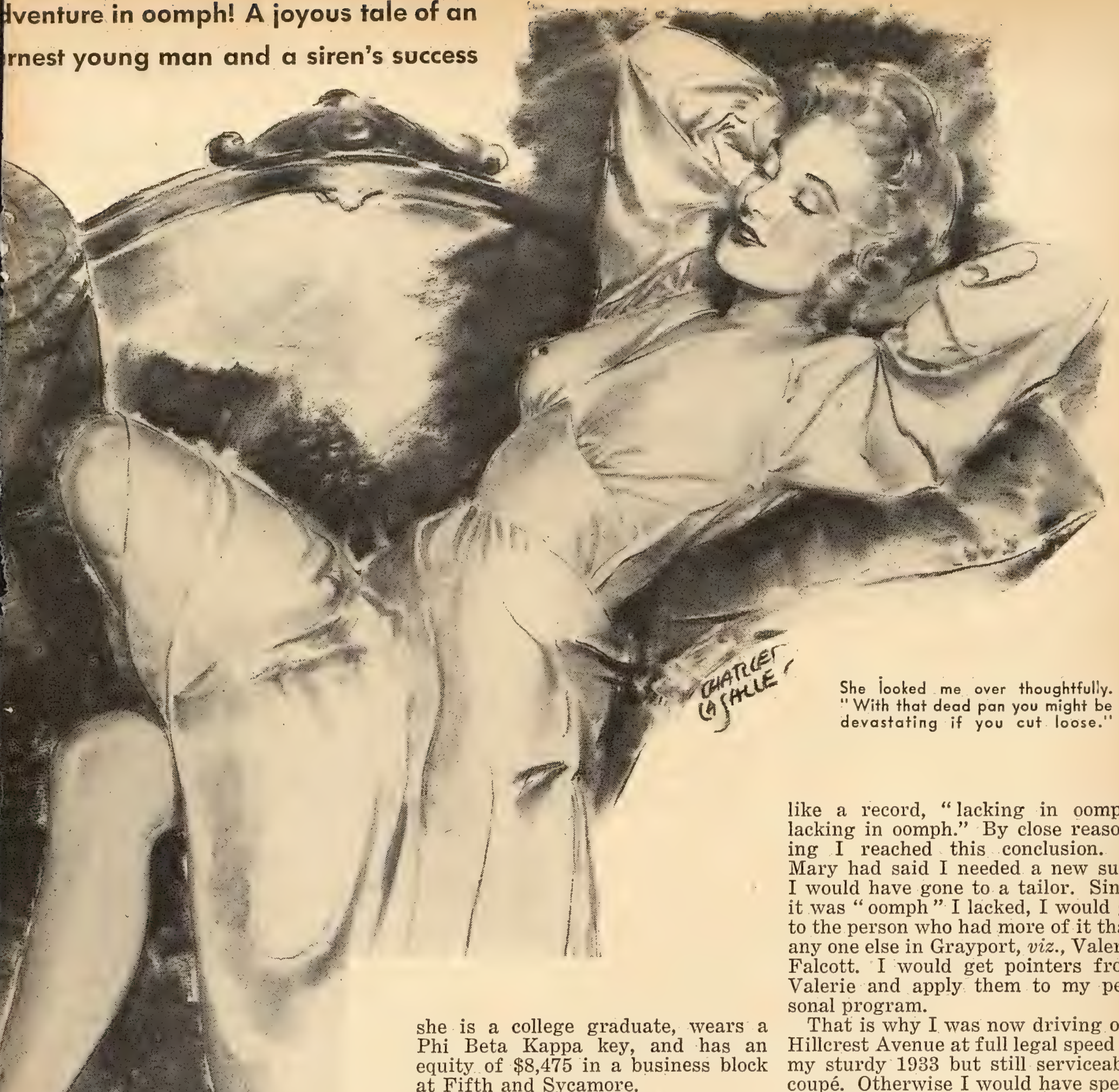
The aim of the EDILP, which I have followed faithfully for five years, is to make me a well balanced character. I budget my expenditures and accumulate savings which will some day go into sound realty. I also budget my time into the proper periods for work, sleep, eating, culture, exercise, and social recreation.

This brings me to the liability side of the ledger. In the department of social recreation I am no great success. Gink Willet curries favor with the fair sex with quips and jests, bad puns and silly-ass Englishman talk. Other fellows can mix interesting drinks, do card tricks, or give imitations of Charlie McCarthy. In dancing I am limited to the fox trot and the waltz. I am no jitterbug, no trucker, dipsy doodler; I do not big-apple, nor do I rumba. I tell girls fascinating facts, but they do not seem fascinated. Mary Chilton had spoken the plain truth last Thursday night after the party at Lamberts'. I lack "oomph."

This brings up the pleasant topic of Mary Chilton, the object of my esteem, admiration, and affection. Mary is cultured but kindly, intelligent but attractive. Beneath her mass of luxuriant black hair a great deal of thinking goes on.

We have been friends for three and a third years and have often gone together to places of refined entertainment or to enjoy the beauties of Nature, of which we both think highly. She knows the secret of the EDILP and seems to approve

dventure in oomph! A joyous tale of an rnest young man and a siren's success



She looked me over thoughtfully. "With that dead pan you might be devastating if you cut loose."

of my habits of thrift and industry. Nothing of a tender nature has ever passed between us, but I sometimes dare to hope that by hard work, clean living, and self-improvement I can make myself worthy of her, though she is a college graduate, wears a Phi Beta Kappa key, and has an equity of $8,475 in a business block at Fifth and Sycamore.

As to the party at Genevieve Lambert's, I admit that I was not the life of same. The star of the occasion had been one Gifford Tickley, who caused gales of laughter by strutting about with a lampshade on his head.

"I'm glad that painful affair is over," Mary had said as I was driving her home.

"Yes; so am I."

She did not need to tell me that I had been a social failure, for I knew that too well.

We did not speak again until we reached her front door, where I gave her my hand in parting.

"I'm afraid I'm a disappointment to you," I said.

Her reply was engraved upon my memory.

"You are the finest person I know, Ernest, but I sometimes think you are lacking in oomph."

For two days her words had been going through my head over and over like a record, "lacking in oomph, lacking in oomph." By close reasoning I reached this conclusion. If Mary had said I needed a new suit, I would have gone to a tailor. Since it was "oomph" I lacked, I would go to the person who had more of it than any one else in Grayport, *viz.*, Valerie Falcott. I would get pointers from Valerie and apply them to my personal program.

That is why I was now driving out Hillcrest Avenue at full legal speed in my sturdy 1933 but still serviceable coupé. Otherwise I would have spent this rainy evening in my room, curled up with my improving book, Forty Thousand Fascinating Facts.

Now I was putting my raincoat, rubbers, and umbrella into the hallway of the fairly palatial Falcott home, fourteen rooms and three baths, oil burner, and electric refrigeration.

"Ernie the earnest earner!" Valerie cried as she came dancing to meet me.

Her gown was glamorous and spectacular but more suited to hot-spotting than to the cozy evening before the fire which I had planned.

"Were you going somewhere?" I asked.

"No; but if anybody should put up an argument I might weaken."

The secret of Valerie's oomph is animation. I believe it is that even more than her beauty which won her the popularity contest conducted by the News-Observer. Her golden hair is always vibrating, her blue eyes dancing, her nose crinkling and uncrinkling, her hands and feet moving as if a tune were going on in her head. Her vocal cords, too, are in constant use, for Valerie is a fast constant talker.

She said it was quite too perfectly divine of me to come.

"I am glad you are alone," I said, "because I want to ask your advice."

"But this is too mournful." She turned off the dimples. "I must be showing my age." (I said, "Ha-ha!" for she is only twenty-two.) "If you want advice, why don't you ask your banker?"

"No; this is your specialty—Entertainment and Recreation. You are more entertaining than all the bankers in Grayport put together."

She was pleased by my pretty compliment and said I was priceless.

I now told her why I had come to see her. I did not bandy the name of Mary Chilton, for Valerie is not too fond of her and jokingly calls her "Mary Chilblain." I merely said that I was working on a personal problem. While doing all right in the field of Real Estate, Insurance, and Money to Loan on Improved Property, I was no social success and not popular at parties.

"Oh, you're not too foul."

"That is your sunny nature speaking, Val, but I want the brutal truth. What is the matter with me and how can I cure same?"

"All right; but remember, you asked for it."

I HAD hoped that she would point out some little faults which I could easily correct, but such was not the case. I was wrong from head to feet. Having a methodical mind, I give you a synopsis of her criticisms.

A. I am a conversational washout. Under this head she deplored my practice of being a free information bureau.

"I've had samples of your line—the density of population of New Zealand, the number of traffic accidents last year, how many pounds there are in a bushel of spinach. That's what makes girls leave home. You end up having a jolly evening with dad gossiping about termites."

"I may be too educational," I admitted.

"You're a two-legged night school. Don't tell a girl motorcars are a menace. Tell her *she* is."

B. I am an old sourpuss. My face, though frightfully cute, is too solemn. I go to a party as if inspecting the scene of a catastrophe.

"Do other people think that?"

"But definitely! All over Grayport tonight girls are saying to each other, 'What an old sourpuss Ernie Dayton is!'"

C. I make girls old before their time. The age of chivalry is dead. Yet I talk like a gentleman of the old school, polite and refined and all that stuff.

"I do treat women with respect," I conceded.

"And does that burn them up! When a gal is treated with respect she sees where she must get a more youthful hair-do."

D. My dancing is a frightful calamity. I am a hopper and a bumper. I do not know that they have invented anything since the minuet.

"You put a girl on the spot, Ernie. If you dance you ruin her eight-dollar pumps, and if you sit it out you tell her the mean annual rainfall of You-go Hungry."

I make a mental note to take dancing lessons—which brings us to

E. I am never whacky, screwy, or goofy. This is the gravest charge of all. When I step out I take my intellect along, which is a terrible thing to do.

SHE laid a hand upon my sleeve and said earnestly:

"Remember this, darling. Brains may be O. K. in the daytime, but they should never be used after sunset. That's how come you are a business wow but a social droop. Youth is the time for fun and folly." She pointed a rosy fingernail at me and said reproachfully: "I bet you've never even been in jail."

Here I voiced an objection: Indiscretions might interfere with my career; for Grayport, though growing, was hardly large enough for loose conduct.

"I mean going to jail might not please Mr. Kennerly or Mr. Starbank or even Mr. Spink."

"Why do you say *even* Mr. Spink?"

I explained that Abercrombie Spink, the junior member of the firm, was less conservative than the other two, a good mixer, and the best lot salesman in the organization. I was too loyal to add that Spink's doings were sometimes painful to the elderly and correct Mr. Kennerly.

"Ab is a bachelor, of course."

"Yes; do you know him?"

She shook her golden head.

"But no girl would become Mrs. Abercrombie Spink. What a gruesome name that would be to drag around!"

I brought the conversation back to the main issue.

"You have told me what is the matter with me. Now, how can I cure it?"

She looked me over thoughtfully.

"You're not too hopeless. With that dead pan, you might be devastating if you cut loose. I could do wonders with you if you'd put yourself in my hands."

"O. K., little Vallie. You're the doctor."

"But grand! This is going to be terrific!" She jumped to her vibrant feet. "Let's go places."

"You mean—tonight?" I had not expected the pursuit of oomph to begin so soon.

"Sure. What could be goofier? How are you fixed for folding money?"

"I've got what it takes."

After all, if you consult a specialist you expect to pay a fee. My budget made proper provision for Entertainment and Recreation.

While Valerie was getting ready I thought over the situation. I did not really wish to go hot-spotting tonight, but it was an important part of my course of study. I would not take my intellect along on this little toot, but would try to be brainless, like Giff Tickley, the lampshade wearer.

I waited for Valerie in the hallway, and when she came downstairs she leaned over and mussed up my careful hair.

"Now you look more reckless. Listen, darling. When you're a smash hit and the dames are clustering around you as thick as thieves—you won't forget your little Vallie, will you?"

"You will always have a first mortgage on me," I replied.

We plunged out into the wind and the rain.

"Let's go to that joint at Lake Weebaugo," I said. "I hear that is a good hot spot." (As a matter of fact, I had heard our Mr. Spink say that to somebody.)

There was a touch of method in my madness. That place was ten miles away and any indiscretions I might commit would not be noised about Grayport and perhaps reach the ears of my employers.

"Oke doke. The Dingdongers are a good jive crew. The hot clarinet is hammy but the slush pump can really ride. Oh! oh! Ernie, there's a red light!"

As we were already past the cross walk, I stepped on the gas and dashed through, hoping that no cop was lurking in ambush.

"Red lights," I said with pretended bravado, "mean nothing in my young life."

"Daredevil Dayton!" Valerie's laughter tinkled. "My fireside chat is already getting results."

HALF an hour later we were at Weebaugo Inn, a place replete with red leather and chromium and vibrating to the rhythm of the Dingdongers, violently directed by Slap Seeley. Valerie was an excellent partner and I really put some oomph into my dancing.

"How'm I doin'?" I asked as we returned to our table.

"You're not too dismal. Of course I didn't guarantee to make a 'gator of you in one treatment. How's about biting a couple of groceries?"

"Anything your pearly teeth desire."

Her pearly teeth desired costly lobster, and what with cover charge, drink, and cigarettes, the Entertainment and Recreation account took a lot of punishment, though personally I had a mere ham sandwich and bottle of beer.

"Let me tip you off to something," Valerie said when she had bitten all her groceries. "If you slip Slap Seeley three bucks he will let you lead the orchestra. I bet you'd be a scream!"

"That sounds like a nice goofy thing to do," I managed to say, though the idea was repellent.

Now followed a struggle between the two sides of my nature. Should I take this step? There was nothing I wanted less to do; but I had promised to be frolicsome and my word is as good as my bond. I swallowed hard and said, "Get a load of me."

My feet felt like lead as I dragged them down the dining room. The maestro took my bribe and asked my name and business. In a daze I heard him laughingly announce that Ernest Dayton, the well known realtor, would guest-conduct the Dingdongers in the next number. To complete my terror, another fellow was saying the same thing into the microphone of our local station AFNZ. I would be broadcast and all Grayport and environs would hear of my folly!

Mary Chilton, "cultured but attractive."

When the music started I waved my stick, and was rewarded with a laugh from the dancers and grocery biters. This response from my public and the rhythm I was evoking from my jive crew had an astonishing effect upon me. Somehow I suddenly received a supply of oomph. Turning toward my audience, I raised my second-tenor voice in song!

I had never done any singing outside the privacy of my bathroom, though I had long suspected that I had talent. Now my voice slipped up and down in a disconcerting way, but my public seemed pleased. With my red paper hat at a rakish angle, I must have presented an abandoned appearance. I finished amid wild laughter and the din of noisemakers.

"You mowed 'em down," said Slap Seeley as he shook my hand.

I walked back to our table through the laughing merrymakers. Valerie turned on all her facial bulbs.

"You were stupendous! The lessons you learned at Vallie's knee—What's the matter, darling? Don't you feel so hot?"

I did not feel so hot, for a certain party in a dinner coat was headed our way and I wished this were not the case. Now he was slapping me on the back.

"Congratulations on your comedy act, Dayton. I never knew you were a playboy."

THERE was nothing I could do but introduce him.

"Miss Falcott, may I present a member of our firm, Mr. Spink."

"You can't mean Ab," Valerie said.

I winced, but my employer did not seem offended.

"None other. You've been holding out on me, Dayton. Where have you been keeping this baby?"

"On the run," Valerie answered for me. "You have to move fast to stick along with Daredevil Dayton."

Spink gave me a surprised look.

"Youth is the time for folly," I said with a sinking heart. "I may settle down when I am an old wreck of thirty with one foot in the grave."

Too late I remembered that Mr. Spink is over thirty himself. Valerie hastily covered up my social error.

"How's about this rumor that you're a bachelor?"

"Unbeaten and untied," Spink boasted. "Dayton, I'd like to bring over my friend Mrs. Hallem. She wants to meet you."

"Oh, oh! The dames are beginning to cluster," Valerie snickered.

"I've been trying to sell her a lot in Brookripple, but no dice so far. Give her a play, Dayton."

"O. K. Is there a Mr. Hallem?"

"She hasn't sobbed out her life story on my shoulder. She may be a widow, but she's probably a divorcee."

When he left to get his friend, Valerie seemed more elated than necessary.

"But this is terrific! One hour with me and you're that way with the boss. I'll put the pressure on him, darling. It will be the making of you." As the pair approached she added: "Don't say anything to age her, Ernie. She wouldn't need that."

I saw her point, for, though Mrs. Hallem was petite and pretty and remarkably red-haired, I had better make no cracks about the venerable age of thirty.

"This cute little trick," said Spink as he presented us, "answers to the name of Tulip."

Remembering that the age of chivalry is dead, I cried:

"Hi-ya, li'l' Tulip! Plant yourself by Daredevil Dayton."

It was ten fifteen when Tulip Hallem came into my life. I did not know it then, but she was destined to stay there for a long, long time.

At once Valerie started to make good her promise to put the pressure on my superior.

"Who had you," she asked, "before Grayport got a break?"

"I hail from South Framingham, Massachusetts."

"Oh, a Southe'n gent'man! Ah'm from South Hillcrest Avenue, maself. How y'all like it in the No'th, lambie pie?"

Soon she was calling him "Dixie" and begging him to sing plantation melodies from dear old South Framingham.

"How about shaggin' it, Twinkleface, while I've still got one foot out of the grave?"

"Good here, Spinky-Dink."

When the jitterbugs had left us, Tulip said:

"Your girl friend works fast."

"Her oomph is contagious."

"It's lucky for Spinky-Dink she hasn't got mumps."

I explained that the fun-loving girl won the popularity contest conducted by the News-Observer and was a general favorite in the dizzy whirl of society. This did not go over too well, so I remembered a lesson learned at Valerie's knee.

"Tulip," I said, "you are practically a menace."

"Thank you, Ernest. I was beginning to wonder."

I was amazed at how quickly I had changed. Could this be Ernest Dayton carrying on a flirtation with a sophisticated widow or probably divorcee?

"Come on, baby," I cried. "Let's shamble."

I have to admit that the experiment was not too successful. As Tulip put it, "We don't seem to be on the same wave length."

IN the next hour I was thrown much into the society of Tulip, for whom I unfolded currency and compliments. Valerie stuck to her job of putting the pressure on Spink, and she seemed to enjoy her work.

"This guy's got inflammatory rhythmatism," she said. "He's a taffy hound and a goon child. Am I high on Ab!"

"How's that for a tottering ruin?" he kidded me.

As of eleven thirty my budget was unbalanced. I had overdrawn the Entertainment and Recreation account and I was smoking next week's cigarettes. Moreover, I was sleepy. Therefore I was happy to hear Valerie say: "Let's shove off, Ernie. That band is dying on its feet."

"Whatever you say, little Vallie."

Upon my ears now fell these disheartening words:

"I'm simply frantic to go to the Peacock in Blair. That's only twenty miles. They've got a trumpeter who can go all over the horn."

"Just for the heck of it," said Spink, "let's trade partners. Vallie and I will breeze along and get a table."

Coming from my employer, this was practically a command.

"Oh, boy!" I insincerely cried. "I get Tulip."

I drove off with no enthusiasm for this project. If Tulip would say the word, I would gladly take her to her hotel and call the whole thing off; but I could not suggest it, after all my pretty speeches. At a certain crossroad I stopped the car and said:

"We don't have to drive clear down to Grayville. This country road is a short cut. It is jokingly called 'Lovers' Lane.'"

"You would know best," said Tulip, to my regret.

IT must have been the hand of Fate which turned my steering wheel that rainy Saturday night, for my life was never to be the same again.

This was a narrow hilly woodland road with a few scattered farmhouses but untouched by the hand of progress or the realtor. Soon the road would lead down into the valley of Babbling Brook which Mary Chilton loved and where we sometimes went to "list to Nature's teachings." Unfortunately, there was a heavy fog in the valley tonight, my headlights were rather dim, and it was hard to keep to the road. My companion was growing jittery.

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it," I said. "I'll drive carefully and we'll be out of this before long."

By ill chance, the car listed dangerously at that moment and we almost ran off into the ditch.

"If you don't break my pretty little neck." A few minutes later she said: "This seems to be a house. Maybe we can telephone for help."

Our lights showed a homemade sign nailed to a tree: "For Sale or Rent. H. Dawling." This was bad news, for Dawling was a cranky old farmer who had once had some disagreement with my firm. I explained to Tulip that this was a summer cottage which had not been rented this season. This was the worst thing I could have said, for she sprang out and demanded that we try to find some way to get in out of the storm.

"That would be trespass and maybe burglary."

"Come on, Daredevil Dayton. I'm cold and I'm scared. I'm getting soaked to the knees in this tall grass. Would you mind carrying me? I'm not very heavy."

Presently I found time to take stock of the false situation in which I found myself. Though a firm believer in property rights, I had entered Dawling's house by an unlocked window; we were now sitting in his willow chairs and burning his wood in his fireplace. Though a loyal employee, I had taken a prospect entrusted to me and got her into a jam. Though my heart was true to Mary Chilton, I was spending the night in a cottage with an attractive red-haired widow or divorcee. Whatever else it was, this was not good EDILP.

While I was getting more wood from the shed, Tulip had removed some wet clothing, hung it out to dry, and wrapped herself in a blanket.

"Thank you, Ernest," she said. "You have saved me from pneumonia. What is the name of that stream that is making so much noise?"

"Babbling Brook."

"Well, I hope it doesn't babble too much."

"Nobody will ever know our little secret," I assured her.

She thrust a bare foot out toward the fire, wriggled her toes, and yawned luxuriously. Now she began to talk in an alarming way.

"Tonight has been a turning point in my life. I want to quit the hot spots and settle down in a peaceful cozy nook like this. You're not suited to that kind of thing, either. You're a home boy."

In that other fireside chat, which now seemed ages ago, Valerie had told me how to be popular with the fair sex. I had learned my lesson only too well. Tulip might be a fine woman, but I did not wish to be the turning point in her life. In this crisis I remembered that ladies do not like to have their minds improved, so I told Tulip some fascinating facts. The plan worked like a charm, for she promptly fell asleep.

This danger averted, I had only to keep the fire burning and at the first break of dawn I would take Tulip home. But here my regular habits proved to be my undoing and Nature took her toll. The next thing I heard was a nasal voice saying:

"What are you folks doin' in my house? I'll have the law on you!"

It was broad daylight and I was looking into the unpleasant unshaven face of Henry Dawling. His farmhouse was near by and he had, of course, seen the car.

For a moment I was speechless. My name would be stained with crime and scandal. I would lose my reputation and my job and Mary Chilton. Dawling must not know who we were.

BUT, alas, Tulip found her voice before I did.

"Don't be silly, Mr. Dawling. The sign says your place is in the market. I'm Mrs. Hallem and Mr. Dayton is my real-estate agent. He was going to show me the place when it got light."

"That's a likely story," he said. "What people are you with?"

With a heavy heart I mumbled the name of my firm.

"Bah! I don't have no dealings with them slickers."

"Listen, Mr. Dawling," Tulip said. "Is there any trout in that brook?"

With my life structure tottering, the woman could talk about fish!

She shooed us out of the room and got dressed, asked a lot of questions about the property, and pretended to be much impressed.

"We'll be out again on Monday to talk things over, Mr. Dawling," she said as we got into the car.

"If you're foolin' me," he said, "Dayton will hear from the police."

As we started off for Grayport in the morning sunshine, I said, "That was a good trick, but what will happen when he finds out?"

"We'll look at the place again. He can't put us in jail for not buying it, can he?"

At the hotel she gave me a warm handshake and said she would get in touch with me tomorrow.

"Thanks for everything, Ernest. This night has meant a lot to me."

My room at the Aikley Arms should have been a haven of rest that quiet Sunday, but my mind was full of troubles. My future was in the hands of this Tulip Hallem, who was practically a stranger to me. She might leave town and let me face Henry Dawling alone. Even if she went through the ridiculous pretense of inspecting the cottage, that cantankerous old party would certainly sue me for trespass. An even worse possibility raised its ugly head. Tulip was supposed to be a real-estate prospect. Suppose she actually bought the property. Would she be buying it for—us? I had whispered many sweet nothings into her ear and she had told me that the night had meant a lot to her. If she wanted to hold me to anything, she had a good case.

Now came a thought which sent new shivers up my spine. It was only Spink's guess that she was a widow or divorcee. Maybe she had a husband. Maybe she wanted to be divorced by Mr. Hallem and would use me as grounds.

WHAT would the coming days bring to me—a charge of burglary, a breach-of-promise suit, a divorce scandal? One night in the giddy whirl of society had brought me to this!

It took all my strength of character to go to work Monday morning. The first thing I had to face was a visit from Spink.

"You didn't show up in Blair Saturday night," he said. "How come?"

"Tulip was tired and I took her to her hotel."

It did not seem necessary to mention the hour.

"Valerie and I stayed at the Peacock and closed up the place. Is that girl a wow!"

I was glad that my employer was not offended with me, but I was still sitting on the edge of a volcano. You can therefore imagine my feelings when my desk telephone rang and the receptionist announced:

"An officer is here to see you."

I got my voice under control and said, "Oh—yes. Please show him to my office."

As I heard his heavy tread my heart sank to a new low level.

"I have a summons for you," the policeman said, pulling a paper from his pocket. "On Saturday night you passed a red light at the corner of Hillcrest Avenue and Eleventh Street."

Evidently a lurking cop had taken my number. I would be fined two dollars and costs and my name would appear in the police records, yet I was practically happy. Such were the depths to which I had sunk!

My telephone had now become an instrument of torture and when it rang again I lifted the receiver by sheer will power. The voice I heard is usually music to my ears but was not today.

"This is Mary. I'd like to have a little talk with you. I wish you would come in for a few minutes tonight, if your radio engagements permit."

"Ha-ha!" I hoped my laugh sounded hearty. "Did you hear me?"

"No, but I was told about it by kind friends. I was wasting *my* time on Toscanini."

"Well, he's good, too," I wisecracked. "Sure, I'll be there at eight o'clock."

For the first time in my life I looked forward with pain to a date with Mary Chilton. That note of sarcasm in her voice boded me no good. How much did she know and how much should I tell her? One by one my Saturday night chickens were coming home to roost. The next in order would be Tulip.

The sword of Damocles hung over my head until mid-afternoon, when the crisis came. Mrs. Hallem, the girl said, was here to see me.

My spirits rose, then dropped with a thud. For Tulip was not alone. She was followed by a prosperous-looking man of about forty, and my instinct told me he was her lawyer.

"Hello, Ernest," she said cheerfully. "Have you caught up on sleep after our night in Lovers' Lane? I want you to meet my husband. Mr. Philip Hallem, Mr. Daredevil Dayton."

I bowed and leaned against the desk for support.

"How do you do?" he said. "I would like to speak to the head of your firm, please."

In another minute we were on our way down the hall to the office of the senior partner, the correct, conservative, conventional Mr. Kennerly!

As I said to Mary Chilton that night, "I felt like a convict on the last mile."

For at 8 P. M. I was still alive and at liberty and having another of those fireside chats. The way things had turned out, I had felt it best to tell all and trust to her generous heart, if she had one. I was therefore giving a candid account of the whole affair and she was hanging upon my words, her deep dark eyes fastened upon me with an intensity I had never known before. This far she had made no comment and she had not changed her expression—not even at the painful passage about the cottage at Babbling Brook.

"The events in Mr. Kennerly's office," I now said dramatically, "were the most amazing that ever happened to me. To make a long story short, my doubts of Tulip's character were unjustified and my fears were unfounded. Mr. Hallem had come not to complain of my conduct but to buy a large tract of land."

"How wonderful!" Mary spoke for the first time.

It was Mr. Hallem's plan, I explained, to purchase a hundred acres of woodland from Dawling, to build some roads, and to resell parcels to nice people for summer homes. There would be profitable work for our firm for some time to come.

"I must stipulate," he said, pointing at me, "that the whole affair be put into the hands of Ernest Dayton. He is a whirlwind salesman. His methods are unconventional but they get results."

"He weakens the customers and carries them in by brute force," said Tulip.

"Mr. Kennerly looked at me in surprise but agreed to put me in charge of the development. He said, 'We think very highly of Mr. Dayton's work,' though he had never said such a thing before."

"He just discovered your true worth," said Mary. "But how in the world did it happen?"

"I learned that from the Hallems later. Philip, who is a New York business man, had long wanted to buy a place in the woods where he could wear old clothes and go fishing, but Tulip had refused to give up the hot spots and bury herself in the wilderness. This disagreement was causing a serious rift between them. After one evening of my society she decided to abandon the life of the jitterbug and settle down. She says I made her see the futility of it all. She telephoned her husband and he came out to look at the place. So in my bungling way I sold a farm and brought two souls together."

"You brought two other souls together also. Why, Ernest—I didn't mean—oh, my darling!"

For I was holding her close in my arms and whispering:

"You have always had a first mortgage on me."

I now told her fascinating facts not out of any book—facts about her deep dark eyes, her shapely narrow nose, and her broad mind. For a long happy time we sat and planned our future. We would pool our resources and buy a plot at Babbling Brook for ourselves.

"I know I am a social droop, but you can teach me."

"You're nothing of the kind."

"But you said I lacked oomph."

"I didn't mean because you don't do silly things at parties. I meant you didn't show much pep in business—or love. Now you have."

"So my whole adventure was based on a misunderstanding. It was a happy error."

"You made another happy error. When I said you had brought two other people together, I didn't mean us. Valerie Falcott is going to marry Mr. Spink."

"He didn't tell me that."

"He doesn't know it yet, but Valerie does."

"You talked to her?"

"Yes. I heard some queer stories about Saturday night and I had to find out what she was doing with my man."

"So Valerie is to have the ridiculous name of Mrs. Abercrombie Spink." Here I had a bright idea. "I'll make them buy some land in the Babbling Brook development. After all, they'll have to have some place to go when the joints close up."

My Mary looked at me with admiration and softly said: "You bring kindred souls together and sell them lots. Boy, have you got oomph!"

THE END

"Out of the Horse's Mouth—"

LIBERTY'S
ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA
FOOTBALL TEAM

WHO are the eleven football greatest-greats of 1940—the eleven players to be enrolled on Liberty's All-Players All-America Team of this year?

And who are the likewise-greats to make Liberty's second team this year? And its third team?

Throughout the realm of football these are certainly burning questions! The players are awaiting the answers with bated breath. They recognize Liberty's All-Players poll as the one way of determining which of them really have earned All-America honors. And they know that every one of themselves who has played in the major games during the season has qualified as a player-judge for Liberty.

Leading coaches agree that Liberty's is the fairest method of selection yet devised. Says Minnesota's Bernie Bierman: "The men playing on the opposite side of the line are by far the best judges." Says Army's coach, Captain W. W. Wood: "Liberty's All-Players All-America represents a cross-section of opinion that is based on direct contact, not dependent on high-powered publicity." Says Oregon's Lon Stiner: "Players are in a better position than any coaches, officials, or sports writers to know who deserves all-star recognition."

The answers to these questions will appear when the 2,500 player-judges' selections from 115 major football-playing schools have been tabulated by Norman L. Sper, Liberty's expert conductor of this annual poll. So, for the one and only genuine All-America roll of football honor, watch your favorite weekly magazine! It's

COMING SOON IN LIBERTY

First-hand! A breathless drama of disaster, rescue, and escape

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ONE of His Majesty's warships slid down the long North Atlantic rollers with a sickening corkscrew motion.

On the bridge we clung to the handrails and watched sky and sea blend into one. Mist and spindrift from the whitecaps lashed our faces and penetrated five layers of clothing. I'd only been doing this job five days but I'd found out how tough it was. The rest of the crew had done three hundred and ten days at sea out of the first year of the war. They thought it was tough too.

Behind us our convoy of squat and heavily laden merchantmen sailed along serenely as though we were making a lot of fuss about nothing. But we had plenty to worry about besides our own comfort, which was nil anyway. We were in submarine-infested waters. Since dawn three ships of an outward-bound convoy we had been escorting the previous night had already felt the shattering impact of torpedoes in their midriffs.

This business of keeping the thin red line of supplies flowing into England from overseas was now a full-time headache for the "King's Navee." With the collapse of France many fine new naval bases along the Atlantic coast had been made available to Germany and more submarines from her Italian ally to operate from them. Those fifty American destroyers were going to do valuable work.

Above the wind came a high-pitched whine from the wireless cabin. A code message for us: "U-boat believed shadowing you."

We swung round at thirty knots to retrace our steps. Crouching down at one corner of the bridge, I stood by the loud-speaker of the anti-submarine detecting device.

"Submarine target bearing 2-dash-O," the voice of the antisubmarine officer came through.

The crew streamed out onto the afterdeck to antisubmarine stations. Depth charges were ready and the knife-edged bows aimed at the target. We were closing in fast. The ship leaned as we turned to follow the submarine's course. Not far to go now. Three hundred yards—two hundred yards—one hundred, and then:

"Target almost below, sir."

All eyes were glued aft now, fixed on the foaming wake. In another moment we'd start dropping our lethal ashcans.

"Passing over target."

The officer's voice was no longer casual. But the captain seemed calmer than ever as he ordered:

"Fire number."

The first depth charge plopped over the stern. The second one followed almost immediately.

"Fire depth-charge throwers."

Two more this time from the Y-shaped mounting amidships. The charges shot up and out in a wide graceful arc either side of the ship and landed with a mighty splash.

We kept right on going. Destroyers don't like depth charges once they are rid of them. And I know why.

A series of terrific underwater explosions seemed to lift the ship right out of the water with one hand, then the other, and then toss us back and forth between the two. Finally we heeled over sharply and turned back into the turbulent water to watch for the telltale signs of a successful attack. You practically have to bring back the U-boat's periscope to get credit from the Admiralty.

There was dead silence on the indicator. Slowly an oily patch spread over the water.

It's very difficult to know, these days, whether you've sunk a submarine. U-boat commanders have all sorts of tricks. They've even been known to push the bodies of men killed by the impact of depth charges up through the torpedo tubes of the damaged hull in order to make the attacking craft think the U-boat had been destroyed.

For more than an hour we steamed slowly over the spot, listening and watching. Nothing stirred.

We hadn't time to wait any longer. The convoy was by now many miles ahead. Our place was with it. Each one of those ships was loaded with American airplanes for the defense of Britain. We couldn't afford to leave a gap in the circle of escort vessels which guarded them.

Late in the afternoon the lookout warned us of an approaching aircraft ahead. This might be an air escort returning from a sweep. Or not. For we knew long-range German bombers were operating in these waters.

The alarm bell brought the gun crews tumbling from their wind dodgers. The slim muzzles swung onto the silvery speck in the sky. We made the challenge signal for the day. Back came the correct reply. Through binoculars we could now make out the massive outline of a flying boat. She seemed to hover there in front of us. Then her signal lamp began to wink impatiently.

The message read: "One lifeboat ahead full of survivors, male and female. Bearing 0.60 degrees; distance, twenty-eight miles. Will return to lifeboat and direct you in one hour."

We relayed the message to another warship in the escort, with instructions to proceed at full speed to the spot designated by the flying boat. By the time we approached the position of the lifeboat the other warship was still transferring the survivors. We went alongside to assist.

Photo British Press Combine

I saw war's hell on the high Seas

BY ROBERT LOW

The lifeboat was almost half full of water. One tiny bit of canvas rigged to the mast flapped in the wind. As she dipped down into the trough of a wave we could see twelve men still clinging to her gunwales. When the last man was safely hoisted on board the warship, machine guns riddled the bottom of the boat with holes. She sank reluctantly.

That lifeboat had served. For she was one of the three launched from the torpedoed child-évacué ship City of Benares. And she had sailed her cold, miserable passengers more than four hundred miles through storms and gales. In laconic messages the story was flashed across to us:

" Forty-six survivors; one died on board. Six children O. K. Eight days in that open boat. Many suffering from severe exposure. Consider I should go into port immediately."

Our captain, who was the senior naval officer of the convoy, replied:

" Unless there is any one in a dangerous condition, consider you should remain with convoy for the night and go in at daylight tomorrow. If there are any dangerous cases, flying boat might land them."

" Nearly all crew have trench feet. Fifty per cent suffering badly, some dangerously, from exposure. One child dangerously ill. . . . In present exhausted condition impossible transfer survivors to flying boat. . . . Tomorrow night will be equally dangerous for convoy. Consider I should definitely go in now."

That message didn't make life any happier for the skipper. He had three youngsters of his own. If he refused permission for the rescue ship to proceed, one of the kids on board might die through lack of proper care. But night was the most dangerous time for the convoy. And we were not certain that the U-boat had been dealt with. She might still be lurking behind us. I was glad I didn't have to make the decision which faced him. After five minutes he answered:

" Primary consideration is safety of convoy and many hundreds of lives of men and women in it. Admiral commanding will no doubt arrange for additional escort tomorrow night, when we shall be close to port. Therefore you are to remain until further orders from me."

Throughout the night we zigzagged, watching and listening for the attack. Every now and then we would glance at the warship on our starboard side and think about those kids and the brave young woman who had kept them alive all those harrowing days and nights. Their mercy ship had been alone in mid-Atlantic when she was torpedoed without warning at night in a raging gale. Only a handful of the children bound for safety away from the bombs which were raining down on their homes had been saved.

With the first gray hint of dawn the captain gave the order:

" Proceed in execution of previous orders. Sorry to have crossed swords with you last night, but it was a difficult decision to make. Good luck."

As the warship steamed away with its weary cargo, her captain replied:

" Agree with you. A similar situation, with men and women only, may not have worried me, but maybe children got me down a bit. They were only in pajamas after eight days in an open boat, living on mouthful of water daily and one quarter of an iron ration. But you were right. Convoy comes first."

On the last night out a thick blanket of fog enshrouded our flotilla. Visibility was down to a few yards, when suddenly the superstructure of a ship loomed up on our starboard bow. It was heading straight for the convoy. Then another ghostly form appeared on the port side. Then another and another.

" Good Lord! The outward-bound convoy. She's at least ten miles off her course! " some one shouted.

There was absolutely nothing we could do. To suddenly attempt a change of course now would surely result in disaster. One small hope remained: The columns of ships were separated by a little more than sixty yards in our convoy and probably the same in the other. With more luck than any one believed possible at that moment, they might grid through each other without colliding.

Only the muffled sound of the sea against the ship broke the silence as we began this nightmarish Virginia reel. We counted the minutes. Twenty of the longest ones in history went by. Still no frantic call for help had broken the silence. We were clear.

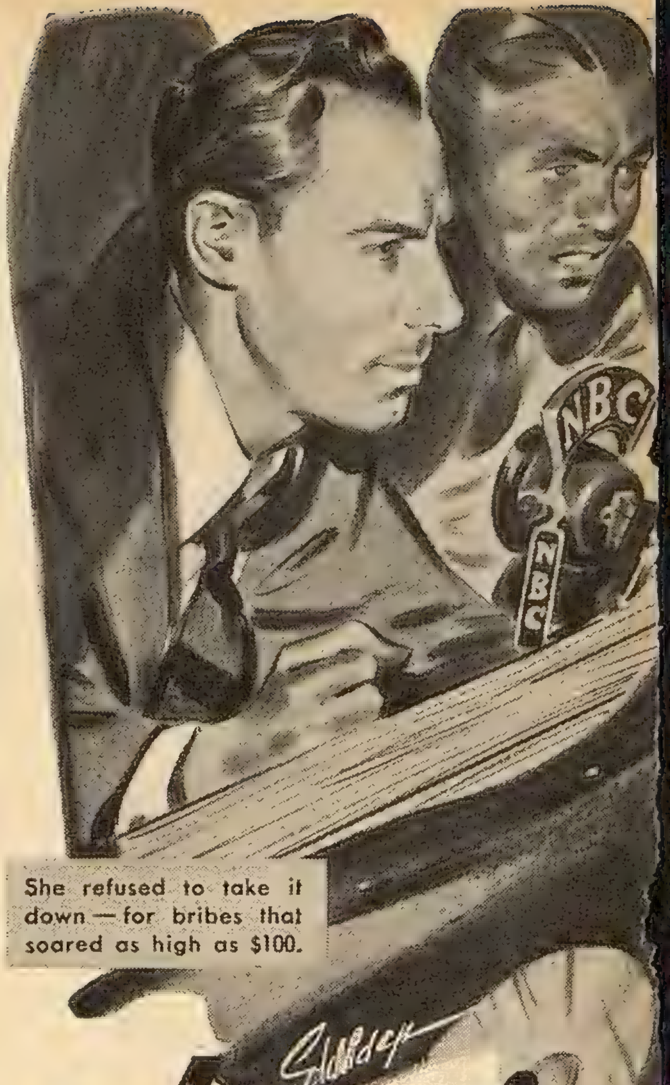
Twelve hours later we herded the convoy into dock. A large number of ships had left America—the same number had arrived in England. Despite the menace of the submarine, it can be done. But, as I've said before, it's tough work.

There was good news from the naval hospital too! " All survivors of City of Benares on road to recovery."

We spliced the main brace on that.

THE END

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS



She refused to take it down—for bribes that soared as high as $100.

I've got those Broadcasting

By BILL STERN

ONE night late in the summer of 1937 a man sat huddled in a little broadcasting booth high in the shadows above brilliantly lighted Soldier Field in Chicago. Down on the gridiron a football game was being played. As the game unfolded before him the man spoke smoothly and authoritatively into a little microphone. And as he spoke America was imagining to itself what this announcer must be like.

A man in Des Moines listened to the voice and said, "There's a fellow who knows what he's talking about." A girl in San Francisco listened to the voice and said, "Ah! There's a glamour boy for you." A little boy in Fort Worth listened and said, "Gee, that's what I want to be when I grow up—a sports announcer." A man in Brooklyn listened and said, "Boy, what a nice easy life *that* guy must be living."

To all of which I answer with a loud and raucous "Oh, yeah?"

For it so happens that *I* was the announcer whose calm authoritative voice was floating through the air on that particular August night. And disillusioning as it may be, this is what was *actually* happening:

In the first place, I was far from being a glamour boy. The rain was coming down in torrents—and as I sat with my knees almost under my chin in the cramped little booth, I probably looked like a cross between Rasputin and Gargantua. The rain was pouring in through a dozen holes in the roof. I was literally sitting under a shower bath.

In the second place, I was rapidly approaching the last stages of exhaustion. I had flown out to Chicago from New York the night before. I had had no sleep whatsoever. From the moment I arrived until the game began, I had spent all my time poring through records, writing out reference cards, memorizing names, selecting spotters, and doing a thousand and one things that must be done before every big game. Before coming to Chicago I had broadcast a fight, a tennis match, and written and announced five daily programs. In short, I was just about ready to collapse from the pleasures of the nice easy life I was leading.

In the third place, I *didn't* know what I was talking about. I couldn't even *see* what I was talking about. There was a game going on down on the field—true. But the rain was coming down in such sheets and the mist was so thick that it was impossible to see three rows ahead. What did I do? I just talked, said anything that came into my head.

So there you are, Miss San Francisco, Mr. Brooklyn, and Mr. Des Moines. I am sorry to disappoint you. But that's an example of the nice easy life of a microphone glamour boy who always knows just what he's talking about. As for my ambitious little friend in Fort Worth, I would advise him to take up something really nice and easy—like building tunnels or moving pianos.

For sports announcing is no cinch, my little man. In fact, it's one of the toughest jobs in the world. You pull down a big salary, yes. You get your picture plastered all over the country, yes. You get guys like Babe Ruth and Jack Dempsey slapping you on the back and saying, "Hi-ya, pal!" You can afford a nice home, a good car, maybe even a speedboat—for the one day a year you might get a chance to take a ride in it.

You go to see all the big sporting events. You travel a hundred thousand miles every year. You're a celebrity. You sign autographs.

But that, my boy, is only one half of the picture.

You see, I've been behind the microphone for fifteen years now. And in those fifteen years I've been in airplane crashes, boat crashes, train wrecks, and automobile accidents—one of which put me in the hospital for six months and cost me my left leg. I've traveled across the continent a hundred times—never stopping off long enough at one place ever to be able to see anything.

I've been away from my nice comfortable apartment so much that all my time at home is spent in trying to convince my infant son that I am not a total stranger who just walked in from the street. I've posed for thousands of publicity pictures. I've sat at a microphone through rain and snow and hail and heat—trying to talk incessantly and coherently for hours at a time. I've done a track meet in Lincoln, Nebraska, when the temperature was 116° above zero. I've done a football game in Chicago when the temperature was 15° below zero. I've gone through the annual torture of trying to learn to pronounce the names of the Fordham University football squad.

I've longed for those nice easy days when I was digging post holes on the RKO lot in Hollywood, and my income was high enough so that I could afford two meals a day, every day, by sleeping very late.

But the worst part of the whole darned business is that when you become a sports announcer everything in the world begins to happen to you. And when I say everything I mean *everything* from hurricanes and tornadoes to the lesser things that can so easily ruin a broadcast.

At the Yankee Stadium last year, for instance, there was a girl who opened an umbrella almost directly in front of the microphone and refused to take it down—for bribes that soared to as high as $100. At the Old Timers' baseball game in Boston there was a practical joker who persisted in pulling my chair out from under me and depositing me unceremoniously on the ground while I was in the midst of interviewing the old ballplayers. In Shreveport there was a wrestler who, after being tossed from the ring, plucked my microphone out by the roots and threw it at his opponent. And in stadiums all over the

Booth Blues!

A sports announcer lifts the veil—and tells his troubles

country there are people who stand up in front of you and smile back with gay indifference when you ask them to please sit down.

But the real troubles come from inside jobs—from spotters, engineers, announcers—unconscious saboteurs from within your own organization whose devastation is really completely unintentional.

Take the engineers, for instance. On more occasions than I'd care to mention, the quick thinking of my engineers has saved my neck. But every once in a while they do things that have converted me into a nervous wreck. There's one case I'll never forget. It was at the Notre Dame-Indiana game in South Bend a few years ago. The broadcasting set-up there is such that the engineer sits all by himself in a separate booth behind the broadcasting booth. He can't see the game, and all his signals are given to him by the announcer. Well, everything was going along smoothly. About halfway in the first quarter there was a time out, and the Notre Dame band began to play. That was the first break since the start of the game, so I said, "And there goes the Notre Dame band starting to play across the field. Let's listen to them!" With that I turned around to give the engineer the signal to plug in the microphone down on the field. But as I looked my heart literally popped into my mouth. For the engineer's booth was empty!

You know what that means to an announcer? It's just the same as turning around in an airplane and noticing that the pilot's cockpit is empty. I was just about to commit suicide by leaping from the rim of the stadium when a cheerful voice spoke in my ear: "Swell game, eh?"

Guess who it was. That's right—the engineer! He had become tired of sitting back there all by himself, so he came out front to watch the game.

To that experience alone I owe 125 of my 240 gray hairs.

But the thing I dread most of all is finding myself in a position where I have nothing to talk about. That is the chief nightmare of every sports announcer that ever lived. Just imagine it! A live microphone in front of you, millions of people waiting to hear what you have to say, and you have *nothing* to say. In the nightmare you continue to say nothing. In actuality, you usually find some words to plug the gap. But many is the time that I have spent *hours* and *days* not knowing what I was talking about—and on occasion not even seeing what I was supposed to be describing.

One day back in 1937, for instance, Abe Schecter, the head of the NBC Special Events Department, walked into my office. "What do you know about yacht racing?" he asked.

"Nothing," said I cheerfully.

"O. K., then. Start studying. You're going to broadcast the International Yacht Races next week."

And there I was, the following week, sitting in a silly little boat, trying to explain to millions of people something that was a complete mystery to me. I didn't know a jib from a halyard—and the race was run off in such a way that the English and the American yachts sailed in opposite directions, making it virtually impossible to tell which one was ahead.

What did I do?

After tearing my hair for a few hours, I got hold of a book on yachting, and made a long list of complicated, highly technical nautical terms. Then I got hold of Mr. Kenneth Davidson, the famous yacht designer, to stay by my side and whisper things in my ear. Mr. Davidson agreed to take soundings and work a slide rule, so that every once in a while I would at least be able to tell my audience which boat was probably leading.

The race began, and I got up in front of the microphone with a prayer in my heart and a long list of yachting terms in my hand. I spoke coherently for as long as I understood what was going on—and then I began to plug the air by simply reading from the list. What I said didn't make sense. To any one who knew yachting, it was just plain gibberish. But on I went.

For two days this kept up. It was a nightmare. But somehow I stumbled through to the end.

The next morning I went to my office expecting to be fired the moment I set foot inside. But what happened? Strangely enough—nothing! No one at NBC had had the faintest idea what I had been talking about—but it sounded good and they were all ashamed to confess their ignorance. I was treated like a conquering hero, and the entire Special Events staff rushed over to compliment me on my astounding knowledge of matters nautical.

So that's the picture, Mr. Des Moines, Miss San Francisco, Mr. Brooklyn, and little Mr. Fort Worth. Outside of what the publicity department says, sports announcing is far from a glamorous business. In fact, it's one of the toughest, most competitive businesses in the world. Each night I go to bed praying that I'll wake up the next morning a plumber or a Good Humor man.

But do you think for one moment I'd ever *really* give it up?

Hell, no!

Underneath it all, I'm crazy about it. Or maybe I'm just crazy.

THE END

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

DEATH WAITS FOR A LADY

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

author of Thirteen Steps, Hearts in Danger, etc.

Mystery and a beauty bring new thrills to a flaming novel of danger and romance

For a synopsis of preceding chapters see page 22.

PART THREE—THE SMILE BEHIND THE MASK

WE walked over to the footprints and Tommy dropped to his knees beside one.

"What do you make of it, Chief Eagle Eye?"

"Well, Bart, I'd say some guy came down here from Little Harbor to spy on us." Tommy squatted back on his haunches, examining the dense green thicket. "He's still in there, Bart. And if he wasn't spyin', he'd of heard us when we come through and said somethin'."

"How long ago did he pass here?"

"Since the last high tide. That was five twenty this mornin'. Maybe a little earlier on this side of the cay."

"Nice going, Eagle Eye. What else do you see?"

"The guy was barefooted, of course, and he was a white man. A Negro's toes are spread way apart and his foot'd be a lot wider than this guy's."

"Can you tell me anything else about him?"

"No," Tommy said. "You tell me somethin' for a change."

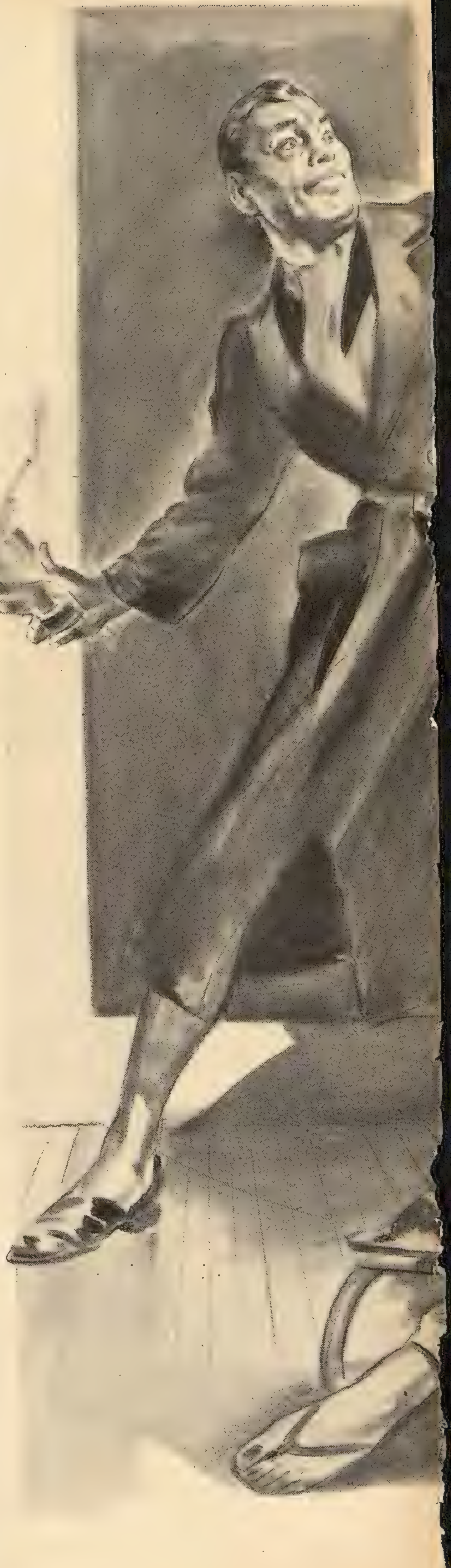
"Well, the man was a white man all right, but he wasn't a city man. He was an islander who's used to going barefoot."

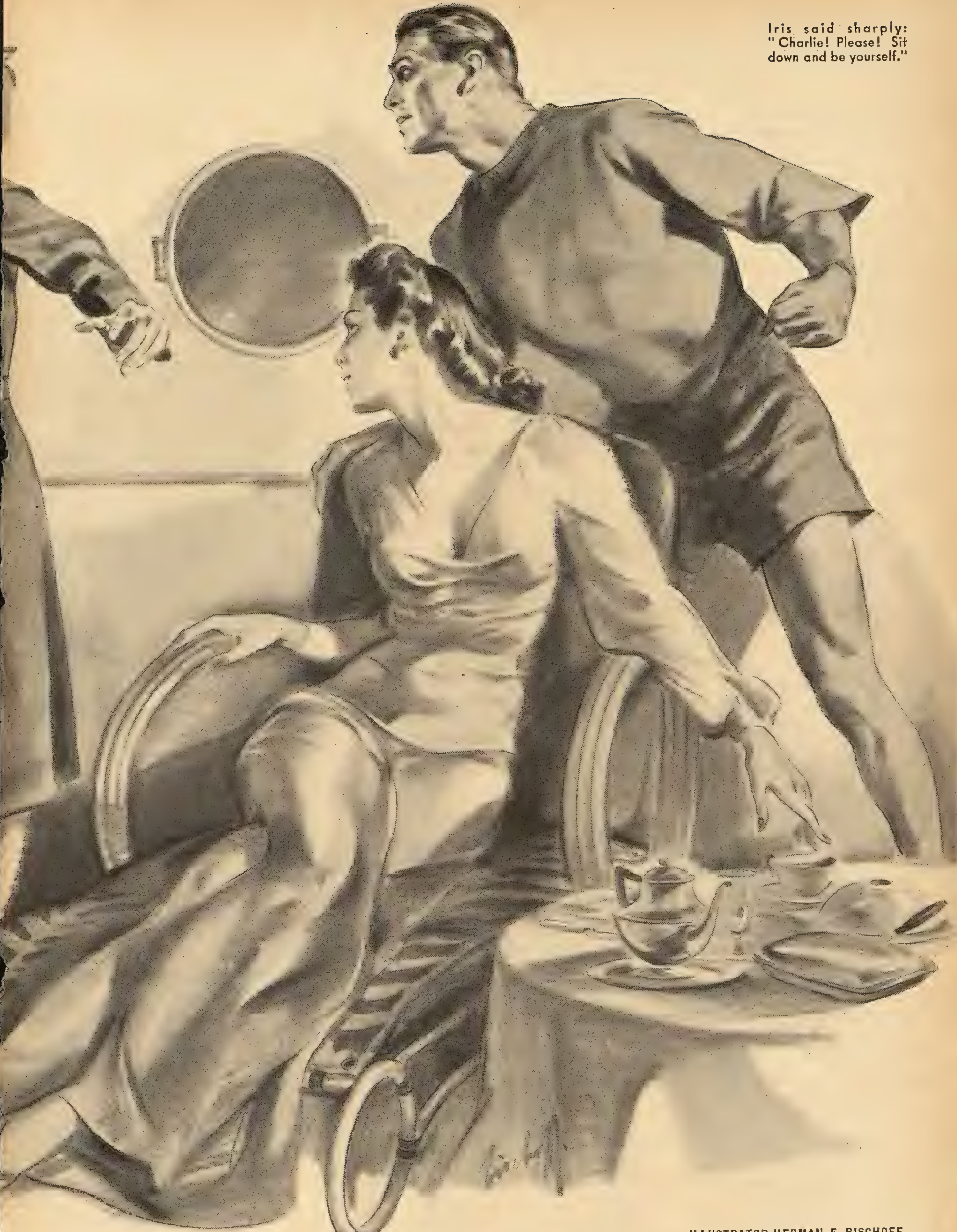
I didn't tell him that Little Harbor was a Negro settlement and that the only white native for miles around was Dr. Featherstone. I didn't remind him that Dr. Featherstone was eighty-nine years old and much too frail to walk all the way down here.

"How do you know the guy is used to going barefooted?" Tommy asked.

"Don't you see where he stepped on sharp coral and pieces of shell without breaking his stride? He has big tough feet."

Tommy looked up at me, grinning. "That makes him a big tough guy,





Iris said sharply: "Charlie! Please! Sit down and be yourself."

ILLUSTRATOR HERMAN E. BISCHOFF

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

OLD Commodore Bruce Campbell, who lives on Hibiscus Island in the Bahamas, believes that a sunken ship discovered by Jeremy Jones, ardent yachtsman and writer, is the Bluebird, the sloop on which his son Duncan and Duncan's wife, Deborah, sailed twenty years ago. The sunken ship is in the Barren Cays, near Little Harbor, and the Commodore sends his young lawyer, Bartlett Todd, to investigate. Bart does not believe the wreck can be the Bluebird, since the Commodore has received letters from his son in recent years. But the old man believes these letters may be forgeries sent by his late son, John, in order to keep the money Duncan inherited from his grandfather from being divided. John did not need his share, and his father is sure that he would have gone to any lengths to keep his wastrel brother, Charles, whom he hated, from getting his.

With Bart on his yawl, White Heron, are the Commodore's eleven-year-old grandson, Tommy, Albert, and Killer, an ex-prizefighter turned diver. Bart is eager to get to Little Harbor on Fiddler Cay because there he expects to meet Jeremy and Sarah Jones and their daughter Ann. Before he met Ann he imagined himself in love with beautiful Iris Lake, who owns a night club in Miami and who, according to Albert, is the "li'l' lady" who ran rum from the Bahamas during the last few years of prohibition. But now, in comparison with the fresh eighteen-year-old Ann, Iris seems cheap and tawdry.

Bart anchors the yawl for the night and he and the crew go ashore on Fiddler Cay. Suddenly they hear a motorboat approaching. Ann is in it with an elderly man, Dr. Featherstone. She tells him that her mother and father were drowned and that she is living with the doctor and his wife at Little Harbor. She acts rather strangely and refuses to navigate Bart's boat on the trip to the wreck.

Later Bart discovers the reason. Iris Lake calls him on the radiophone from her boat, the Daiquiri. She is at Little Harbor, she says, and she has hired Ann Jones to be her pilot. Immediately Bart remembers a warning from the Commodore that his son, Charles Campbell, is interested in the wreck of the supposed Bluebird, too, and has sailed from Miami for the Barren Cays. Iris admits that Charles is with her; and, recalling that Charles is a heel and that Iris will do anything for money, Bart wonders what they are up to.

The next morning he and Tommy go ashore and start to walk to Little Harbor. On the beach they discover a line of footprints which disappear into the brush a few paces from where they stand.

A thrill of apprehension courses down Bart's spine.

---

huh? Well, who cares? You're big and I'm tough. Let's smoke him out of the brush."

"We couldn't do it, Tommy. Not if he didn't want to come out, and apparently he doesn't."

"You goin' off and leave him in there, with only Albert and Killer to take care of the boat?"

He had something there, but I didn't realize it.

"The boat will be all right," I said. "Let's go."

BACKTRACKING on the footprints left by our unknown visitor, we walked for nearly an hour along the salt-white beach. The coconut palms that bordered the shore grew steadily more abundant. They were so thick that we didn't see the small hill which rose south of the village. We would have passed it and gone out of our way, staying on the beach, had not the footprints at last turned inshore and abruptly disappeared on a patch of hard-packed coral gravel. We followed the path into deep shade.

The path led straight up a gentle rise, and after a few hundred feet we came to a second path, likewise of packed coral, which intersected the first at right angles. This cross-path led up the hill and disappeared at the crest of the rise in a riot of oleander and hibiscus blossoms, avocado and silk trees and tall slim papayas heavy with golden-yellow fruit. I caught glimpses of a low white building, a red corrugated roof, red window sashes and shutters.

"Ann Jones," I said, "lives there with the Featherstones."

Tommy's cool blue eyes met mine. "So what?" he asked calmly.

"So we go on to the village."

"Right, captain."

We continued up the path, topped the rise. The trees fell away sharply, and through their swaying branches, whipping hard in the wind, we gazed down on the village of Little Harbor and the bay where the Daiquiri rode at anchor. The express cruiser looked small from here, but very slim and sleek and powerful, like a miniature destroyer in a coat of white paint.

The village had been built originally by whites, but a hurricane had carried away half its people and demolished nearly all its stone dwellings. The whites who were spared had moved to Hubbard Cay, several miles across the banks to the westward, and slowly the Negroes had moved in and taken over what was left of the town.

The streets were filthy with refuse of every kind. Little half-naked Negro kids paused in their play and stared at us as we came swinging down the street toward the shore. Their elders crowded to the open doorways, watching us, too shy to speak. Skinny dogs barked at us. Over everything, despite the brisk wind, hung the fetid odor of primitive communities and the rank smell of curing sharkskins and drying strings of conch meat.

Little Harbor was, I thought, a strange place for people like Dr. Featherstone and Ann Jones to be living.

Down at the beach we found three Negroes fitting a plank to a half finished thirty-foot sloop.

"Have any of you ever been to Bootjack in the Barren Cays?" I asked.

"No, *sar!*" one of the blacks exclaimed. "We doan go to de Barren Cays. Dat's baad water, cap'n."

"What's the matter? Afraid?"

"Yaas, cap'n," the Negro admitted without embarrassment.

"Well, you're not afraid to scull me out to that yacht, are you?"

"Hi takes you right out, cap'n. Yaas, *sar!*" He leaped for a dinghy drawn up on the beach and I knew he was visioning a shilling.

"How about you, Tommy?" I queried.

"I'll stay here and watch 'em work on the boat," he said promptly. "I don't want to see that ol' Iris Lake. She's a bootlegger and a crook, and I wouldn't like her. But when you see Uncle Charlie you ask him how about that buck and a half he borrowed off me."

"When I see Uncle Charlie I'll ask him how about a lot of things," I said, and stepped into the leaky dinghy.

I found Iris alone at a table set up on the sheltered fantail. She wore blue lounging pajamas, and when she saw me she smiled and her eyes lighted and she was, I thought, one of the most provocatively lovely women I had ever known.

"Darling!" she exclaimed in her throaty drawl. "Come over and sit down and have some coffee with me. Where in the world have you been all these months?"

I said, "Hello, Iris." I shook hands with her, and when her hard little hand was in mine, gripping mine, I had the feeling that, if I wished, we could go right on where we had left off. That, without any question, was the impression she wanted to give. And yet I didn't forget that Iris Lake was, from her viewpoint at least, a woman scorned.

"Pull up a chair, darling. Of course you've had breakfast, but wouldn't you like some eggs Benedict? My chef is a wonder with Hollandaise."

"Thanks, but I'm not hungry." I dragged over a chair and sat down across the table from her. "Iris, what are you doing in a Godforsaken hole like Little Harbor?"

(Continued on page 24)

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BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from page 22)

"Well, I wanted to get in one last cruise before the hurricane season, and Charlie Campbell wanted to come here, so I brought him over. Why not? Isn't it all right?"

"Where does Ann Jones fit into the picture?"

"We hired Miss Jones yesterday afternoon to take us to that wreck her father wrote about. Again, darling, why not? Charlie wants to find out if it's the ship that belonged to that crazy brother of his and he hopes to find out if his brother went down with it. After all, this Duncan person left a lot of money in the bank, and if he's dead Charlie has every right to his share of it. So why shouldn't we go over there?"

"Where do you come in, Iris?"

"I don't. I merely came along for the ride."

It all sounded simple and logical and convincing. But Little Harbor was a long way to come just for a ride.

"Where is Charlie this morning?" I asked.

"He's still in bed, I imagine. We stayed up rather late last night and Charlie did a bit of drinking. Have you had a pleasant trip?"

"We've had a fine trip, Iris."

"Where's your boat?"

"The water was bad and I left it down the cay a ways, with Albert. Albert, by the way, is very anxious to see you."

Abruptly her smile was like a mask. "Albert?"

"Albert Wilchcomb. You've heard me talk about him. The fellow who takes me around when I come over into the islands."

"Oh, yes. Your pilot."

I waited a moment, feeling mean but not too mean, before I said: "I guess you got a lot of fun out of those stories of Albert's I brought back. Those wild tales about his li'l' lady. Why did you string me along, Iris? Why didn't you tell me you were the bootlegger he worked for?"

There was fire, now, in her green eyes. "I don't like that word, Bart."

"I don't like it myself. It has a nasty connotation."

SHE was silent, adding sugar to coffee already sugared.

"Well, don't blame Albert," I said. "It wasn't his fault if he popped out with it. He's a loyal friend of yours, Iris. He kept your secret for a long time."

"It wasn't any secret!"

"So I understand now. The hand I have with me—a former prizefighter we call Killer—seemed to know all about it. Said it's common gossip among the sporting crowd in Miami that you got your start as a bootlegger."

"I told you, Bart, I don't like that word."

"I'm sorry. It's the wrong word, anyway. Rumrunner, I believe, is the term. However, it isn't important, is it?"

She looked me straight in the eye. All the color had drained out of her face and left only a bright spot of rouge on each cheekbone. "You're pretty smug, Bart. And that holier-than-thou pose somehow doesn't sit just right on a lawyer."

"I don't feel smug and it isn't a pose, Iris. I was just remarking."

She touched a bell on the bulkhead. A steward came out of the deckhouse, and she ordered a pot of coffee. I got up and walked over to the rail. I could see Tommy squatting on the beach watching the Negroes who were at work on the sloop. I went back to the table.

"It's a new role for you," said Iris Lake.

"What is?"

"Playing nursemaid."

"It isn't bad. I like the kid. He's smart, even if he did spill the works to his Uncle Charlie."

"Charlie had talked about coming over here before he saw Tommy. He got the idea from Jones' article in the Yachtsman."

The steward came back with the coffee and poured us each a cup. By the time he went away Iris was again her smiling gracious self. The color had come back in her cheeks and the rouge blended into it and I couldn't see now that she wore any rouge. And yet her lovely wide-set eyes, which could be so warm and humid, were cold when they flicked mine, and there was a certain grim hostility about her lips which she couldn't quite hide. If I had only suspected it before, I knew it now: she hated me.

AFTER Charlie talked to the boy he didn't get in a sudden rush, did he?" I asked.

"Not at all." Iris said sweetly. "We'd had the trip all planned."

"He didn't tell Ann Jones that I was a crook trying to beat him out of his inheritance and ask her to have nothing to do with me, did he?"

"Of course not, darling. Why should he lie about you?"

"I wish I knew. However, let it pass. There's no reason why all of us shouldn't go to Bootjack Cay together, is there?"

"Why not? You have the kid's chart and we have Miss Jones."

"That's the way I feel about it, Iris. With the chart *and* Miss Jones, we're a cinch to find the wreck."

She was cornered but she didn't show it. She stirred her coffee calmly and looked out over the harbor.

"Well?" I said.

"You'll have to speak to Charlie, darling. After all, it's his party and he has hired Miss Jones. But I can't see why he'd object to your tagging along."

I realized suddenly that we were not alone and I wasn't surprised when Charlie Campbell said:

"Is it all right with you, Iris, if I kick this shyster off our boat?"

No, I wasn't surprised to hear him speak. I was only surprised at what he said. *Our* boat!

I swung around in my chair to look at him. He was standing in the doorway of the saloon, wearing an American Beauty silk robe and holding a half emptied highball glass. He looked tall and handsome, almost unbearably handsome. I felt like getting up and taking a crack at him.

"What do you mean, 'our' boat?" I asked.

"Haven't you told him, Iris?" Charlie Campbell asked smugly.

Iris said: "Charlie and I were married just before we left Miami."

Thinking back now, I can't identify the emotion that swept over me. It was, I suppose, nothing more than surprise and a mild—a very mild—disappointment. I didn't any longer want to hit Charlie Campbell. I just wanted to get off that boat.

I stood up slowly. I looked at Iris and said, as boorishly as a jilted lover, "You must have been pretty blamed sure before you married him—*darling!*—that Charlie would get that inheritance!"

I THOUGHT for a moment that Charlie Campbell was going to start something. He raised his highball glass as though he were half a mind to hurl it at me, and then Iris said sharply, "Charlie! Come over here and sit down."

"Are you going to let this shyster get away with a crack like that?" Charlie demanded.

"Bartlett Todd is not a shyster. No attorney in Miami has a finer reputation."

"They're all shysters," Charlie sneered, "but if you want to stick up for him, go ahead. Come back and sit down, Todd. Let's you and me be chums. Iris seems to want it that way, and the little woman's word, you know, is law. Don't be bashful. Come on; sit down."

"Please do, Bart."

She wasn't, I knew, merely being hospitable. Something impelled her to prolong my visit on the yacht, and it wasn't her innate kindness. I would be, I reflected, a fool if I didn't stay and try to find out what was in her mind.

I went back to the table and sat down. "Will you accept my apologies, Iris?"

"Of course." She wasn't looking at me; she was staring hard at Charlie, as though she were trying with all her will to keep him in hand.

Charlie laughed. "Well, I guess our little announcement was a shock to you, at that, Todd."

"It certainly was. Charlie, I congratulate you. You're a very lucky man."

He brightened. "Don't I know it! How about a drink?"

Iris caught my eye and shook her head. I thought: Why should I play *your* game?

"A drink is absolutely imperative," I said.

Charlie punched the button and downed the remainder of his highball. "What'll it be, Todd?"

"Whatever you're drinking."

When the steward came out, Charlie ordered two double whiskies.

Then he turned to me and said glibly:

"Sorry about grabbing off the Jones girl to pilot us to the Barren Cays. But I guess you understand. This business means a couple of million to Iris and me. Well, better than a million, anyway, when the tax is paid. And a million bucks isn't pretzels, you know, Todd. I've suspected for years that the Bluebird went down right after she left Nassau, and I've been sure that Dunc and Deborah went down with their boat. And now that I've got the chance to prove it, no one is going to stop me."

"No one," I said quietly, "*wants* to stop you."

"No? Then who kept writing those letters to the old man?"

"Who do *you* think?"

"I think the old man wrote them himself, to keep me from going into court and having Dunc declared legally dead. The gov'ner hates me because I refused to put my nose to the grindstone and carry on the family tradition of rooking the public. He's got a heart like a piece of flint, but I'm telling you, Todd, it would break into a thousand pieces if I ever got Dunc's money. That's why he kept writing the letters."

"If you've suspected this, why haven't you taken him into court and had the letters declared forgeries?"

Charlie picked up his empty glass, looked at it, growled: "Where is that steward? Iris, when we get back to Miami we're going to ship a new crew for this packet."

Iris smiled at him. "Yes, dear. You see, Bart, Charlie could hardly hale his own father into court and accuse him of forgery. It simply isn't done. Not even for a million dollars."

I can be pretty gullible at times, but not that gullible. If Charlie hadn't haled the Commodore into court, it was only because he wasn't too sure about the letters, and he knew that if he were wrong the old man would be so mad he'd be definitely through with him. And while that did not mean a great deal, it still meant something. The Commodore could be touched for a few hundred dollars occasionally, and it was these small sums which had kept Charlie going for years.

The steward came with our highballs. I raised mine, toasted: "Happiness and prosperity to both of you."

"You don't really mean it," Charlie said, "but thanks anyway."

"Why do you say I don't mean it? Where have you picked up the idea that I'm against you?"

"If you're not against me, what are you doing here?" he snapped, his flabby fist banging the table so hard the dishes rattled and a cup and saucer chattered off and smashed on the deck. Charlie swore, stood up, and, one by one, viciously kicked the pieces overside. It was a good imitation of a man working himself into a show of anger. But that was all it was—an imitation.

Iris must have sensed he was bearing down too hard, because she said sharply: "Charlie! Please! Sit down and be yourself."

He sat down, sullenly raised his glass and emptied half of it.

"You can talk till a selling plater wins the Kentucky Derby, Todd, but you won't convince me! The old man sent you over here to do a job of work."

"You're right," I told him. "He sent me over here to locate the Bluebird and, if possible, find some evidence that Duncan and Deborah were drowned when the ship went down."

"Listen, muh frand!" Charlie retorted. "You didn't come over here to *find* evidence. You came over here to *destroy* evidence. If you get to that ship first and discover it really is the Bluebird, you'll blow it to hell."

"You really believe that?"

"Certainly I believe it!" His face was brick-red and he was working himself into a fine frenzy. "If that isn't your plan, why did you buy that case of dynamite in Miami?"

"Who told you that?"

"It doesn't matter who told me," he retorted. "You have a case of giant powder aboard the Heron."

That was the pay-off. I had never bought any dynamite in my life, had never had any aboard the yawl, and I was positive no one had ever told Charlie that I had. He was making it up, because no amount of logic could justify the stand he was taking.

I glanced at Iris. She was frowning as she nervously tapped her ciga-

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rette against her coffee cup. She must have realized that Charlie was putting up a poor case for himself, but there wasn't much she could do about it.

"Charlie, why would I want to blow up the Bluebird?"

"Because the old man ordered you to blow her up!" he snapped. "When the old man pulls the strings, you jump. That's the kind of punk you are. Soft, see? A bootlicker. Do you think I don't know lawyers?"

"You may know lawyers, but do you know the law?" I demanded. "If I prove that Duncan is dead and probate his estate, have you any idea what my cut would be?"

"Peanuts!"

Even Iris laughed at that. "No, darling, it wouldn't be peanuts. Not under Florida law it wouldn't be peanuts."

"On four million," I said, "it would be plenty."

"All right, so what?"

"My interests are the same as yours," I said. "So why not pool our resources and go to work?"

"I've told you why, Todd. I don't trust you."

"O. K. That seems to be final. We'll go it alone and may the best man win. Which seems a pretty sappy thing to do when we're both working toward the same end. Thanks for the coffee and the drink."

I shoved back my chair and stood up. Iris rose and joined me, and as I walked around the corner of the deckhouse I saw Charlie reaching for my half finished highball. Iris put her hand lightly on my arm and said throatily:

"I'm sorry, darling. I'm sorry about so many things."

"Such as marrying Charlie?"

"I wasn't thinking of that—particularly. I'm sorry about the way Charlie is acting. We could all go over there together and we could have a lot of fun. But Charlie has this foolish idea, this persecution complex. He thinks everybody is against him, particularly his father and anybody who represents his father. I've told him you weren't against him, but he can't see it. Charlie is, you must realize, almost juvenile in some ways."

YES, and she was one of the most adult women I ever knew, and not at all the motherly type, and her marrying Charlie Campbell simply did not add up—along with a number of other things.

We had reached the gangway and I put my hand on hers for a moment. "Don't worry about it, Iris. It doesn't bother me that Charlie thinks I'm working against him. Let him think it. Let him locate the Bluebird. Let him prove, if he can, that his brother died when she went down. It's all right with me."

I met her eyes, and she smiled as nice and friendly as you please. I smiled back at her and patted her hand. And yet each of us knew that the other's smile was a lie. I had not been taken in by Charlie's illogical stand—and Iris Lake knew it. She, on the other hand, had not been taken in by my apparent acceptance of her explanation—and I knew it.

I found Tommy on the beach surrounded by fifteen or twenty raggedly clothed Negroes. He had his chart out and was showing it to them. He looked tired and warm and discouraged, and when he saw me he folded his chart, stowed it in his hip pocket, and pushed his way through the gawking gang to meet me.

"I been trying to find us a pilot," he said. "But all these other guys say they're scared of the Barren Cays too."

I HARDLY heard him. I was too busy trying to figure out why Iris Lake had married Charlie Campbell, too busy trying to find some logical reason for Charlie's refusal to let me accompany him on the quest for the Bluebird. Neither Charlie's attitude nor their marriage made sense—on the surface. And yet I knew, having a reasonably thorough understanding of the workings of Iris Lake's mind, that the whole situation would fall into a perfect pattern—if I could only find the key!

"If my chart really isn't so good—" Tommy began.

"Don't worry about it, sailor," I said. "We'll make out. Now I'm going up the hill and have a talk with Dr. Featherstone and Ann, if they're home. I think you'd better come along."

"O. K., pal. Did you get that buck and a half off Uncle Charlie?"

"I forgot to ask him for it, sailor. We had some other things to talk about."

"Yeah? Well, he probably wouldn't of paid you anyway. I'm beginning to think that guy is a prize drip."

We walked through the town and up the path to the flamboyantly beautiful garden on the crest of the hill. Then, following a winding path bordered with king conch shells, we came to the big square white stone house with the red shutters. It had evidently been a lighthouse originally, one of the type with spacious living quarters under the tower. A hurricane had ripped off the tower and Dr. Featherstone had re-roofed the main building with corrugated iron, built on a large wing on the north side and a wide screened porch around the other three sides.

We found the doctor in the garden with a watering pot in one hand and a pair of pruning shears in the other. He wore his pith helmet, a sleeveless shirt, and shorts of khaki faded almost white. His thin arms and his bony legs were burned a deep mahogany. He peered at us over the rims of his spectacles as we trudged up the path.

"Good morning, doctor," I said.

"Good morning, sir," he replied stiffly. His small watery blue eyes searched us suspiciously.

"Nice garden you have here."

"I like it," he retorted.

As he stood there glaring at us, his pruning shears raised as though to ward off an attack, I realized that this bony old man was more than unfriendly; he was belligerently hostile. And finding hostility in this quarter after his apparent friendliness last night, I was shocked and mystified.

"Where are you people from?" the old man demanded sharply.

"I'm Bartlett Todd and this is Tommy," I said. "We met you last night."

His watery eyes were blank, his voice no longer belligerent. "Last night? Where?" he asked vaguely.

I realized then that the doctor must be senile. I stood there for a moment, wondering if it would be worth while to try to jog his memory. Hearing footsteps on the packed coral of the path, I turned and saw a woman hurrying down from the house. She was a big-boned, flat-chested, angular woman perhaps fifty years old, with a walk like a man's. She wore a khaki outfit similar to the doctor's and she seemed rather awesome as she bore down on us crying in a foghorn bass:

"Feathers! Feathers! Ah, there ye are! Good morning to ye, Misther Todd. Good morning, Tommy lad. Come right in and make yersilves at home. *Feathers!* Ye met Misther Todd and the lad on the beach last night. Remember?"

"Of course I remember, Mollie, m'dear." The doctor put down his watering can and shears and shook hands with us gravely. "Very 'appy to see you again, sir. Won't you come up to the house and have a cold drink?" He added with childlike pride, "We have an ice machine, you know. It works with kerosene."

We walked with them up the path and onto the wide screened porch. Ann Jones and a young man were sitting there in deck chairs. The man looked about twenty years old. He was big and well built and handsome.

ANN said: "Good morning, Mr. Todd. Hello, Tommy. I want you to meet Greenwood Gates. Mr. Gates is from Hubbard Cay."

The young fellow stumbled awkwardly to his feet. He put a limp hand in mine, acknowledged Ann's introduction in an embarrassed monotone that was almost sullen. I glanced involuntarily at his feet, half expecting him to be barefoot. Well, he was wearing shoes now. And yet I knew—I knew by the way he avoided my eyes, by his manner of jealous resentment which he was too ingenuous to hide—that here was the man who had walked down the beach this morning to spy on the White Heron.

What is Charlie's and Iris' game? Is Greenwood Gates in their pay? And does Ann know that he has been spying on Bart? The mystery deepens next week as danger threatens the White Heron. Don't miss the coming issue of Liberty!

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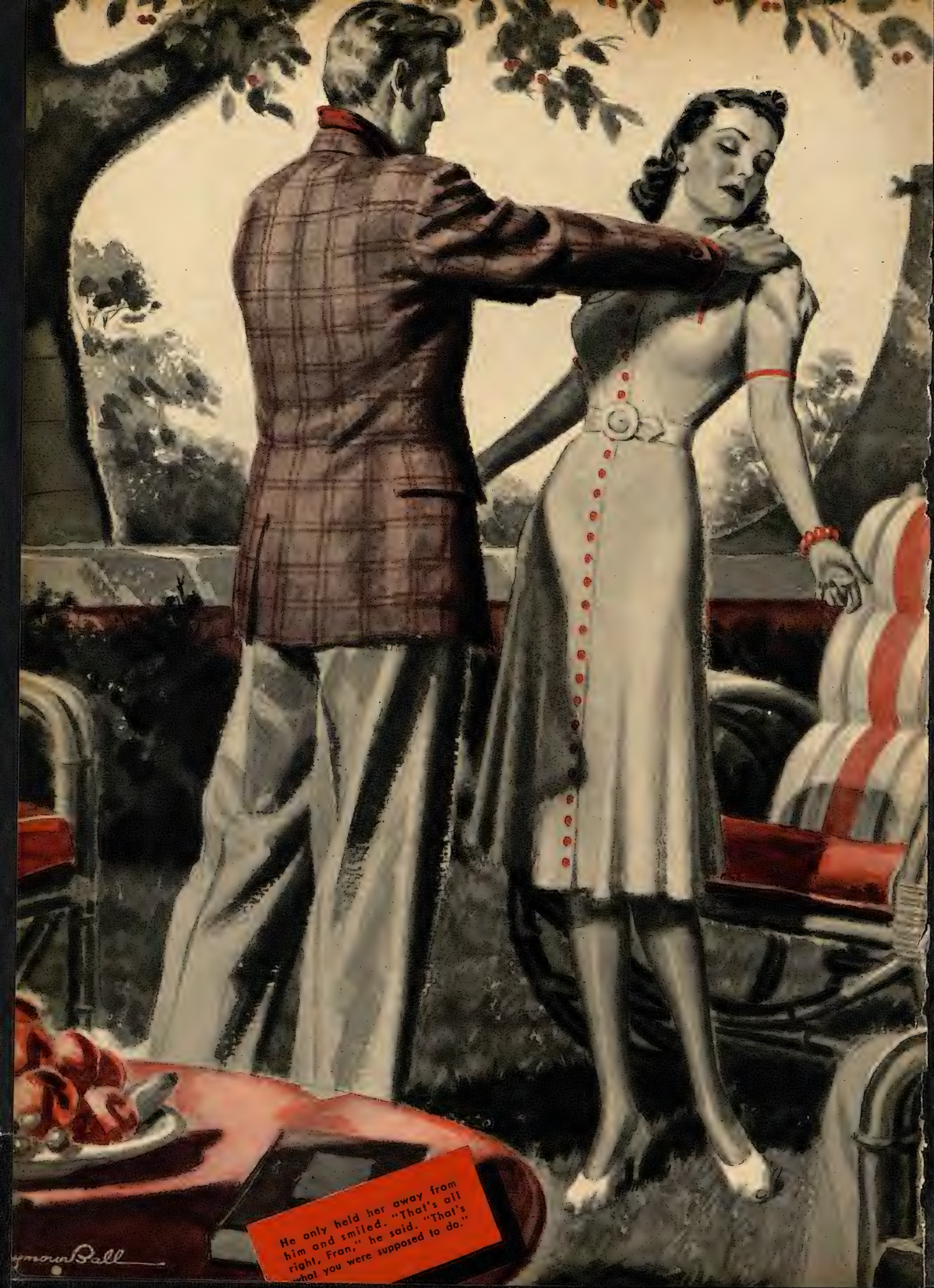

He only held her away from him and smiled. "That's all right, Fran," he said. "That's what you were supposed to do."

Engagement Party

A vivid tale of the heart of a child, and a man's wise way with the woman he loved

BY MARGARET LEE RUNBECK

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 57 SECONDS

AT first mummy said she couldn't have this Custoday at all.

"We've simply too many things to do," mummy said.

"But the judge *gave* it to me," Dimps said with cold fierceness. "Carrie says my father could get a policeman if something interfered."

Mummy said angrily, "Carrie is an ignorant silly, and it was vulgar of you to discuss it with her."

So it looked all week as if she wasn't going to have Custoday . . . and this the very last one of her life, unless a miracle saved her. Because something terrible was going to happen to them. They were going to marry a millionaire.

But finally mummy decided that it would cause less commotion if she had the day with daddy. On condition.

"It will be much better for our lawyer to inform him," mummy said, "on condition you promise not to say anything about it to him."

So Dimps had promised. But she felt sick all over when she thought of going through the day seeing daddy laughing and gay and never suspecting that next week he was going to be "informed." Such a lot of terrible things had happened to him this year. It had been quite a year for all of them. Ever since the divorce. But no matter how empty the rest of the week might be, you had a legal right to Custoday. Daddy all day! And anything they wante to do.

When she tried to explain this to her mother, mummy had said, "Um-hum, my pet. I know all about that."

For an instant you could see mummy wishing the judge had awarded *her* a Custoday too. But then she had run her lovely mouth through the wringer of her smile, so that it came out a flat determined line. A serviceable, sensible-looking mouth. Mummy said a child *had* to have something dependable in her background. And when people said that, Dimps knew they were thinking about daddy.

Well, Uncle Tom Sessions was certainly dependable. Surprisingly unsurprising, daddy called him. Though marrying him and suddenly going off to California to live was certainly surprising. . . .

"But, mummy, how *can* we? I wouldn't see him . . . for weeks and weeks . . ." Dimps had said in an agony of incredulity.

Mother had looked a little lost, but then she had fallen back on her formula. "Don't be emotional, darling. We've got to be 'telligent about things, you know."

So Dimps was trying awfully hard to be 'telligent this morning, riding along beside daddy and knowing this was the last of their days together. She glanced up at him. He and the station wagon were all shined up for going to the city; no ladders nor ropes nor pruning hooks in the back today. He was always making jokes about his job, which was filling teeth, and setting broken arms and legs, and lifting the aged dear faces of trees, wherever people wanted to save them the indignity of death. He made fun of his job, but Dimps knew how he felt about it. "I tease it because I love it so," he said. "I did the same thing with your mummy, only she never realized that's how it was."

Dimps, though she was only nine, understood quite a lot about that. It was one of the things mummy's family had quarreled with daddy about. He didn't take work seriously. He enjoyed himself. You see, the money belonged to granddad, and he wanted daddy, as soon as he was married, to settle down and multiply it.

Daddy did it for awhile, because he liked being married to mummy so much. But he wasn't respectful about it, and, besides, he was always doing outrageous things that humiliated mummy, because granddad was such a proper person. ("Yes, darling, I quite understand," he used to apologize contritely. "The more money the less fun.")

So finally, when they went to look at their stock of love on hand, they found they were bankrupt, and there was nothing to do but ask the judge for a divorce.

Then daddy gave up trying to be a broker, and became a tree doctor.

Mummy said it wasn't like that at all. She said daddy was a hobo at heart, much too unreliable for marriage.

"But, mummy, how could he make such a swell father, then?" Dimps had asked very reasonably. Mummy tried to think of the answer to this, but she couldn't seem to lay her hand on it, so she said, "Dorothy, will you *please* not say 'swell.'"

Daddy had always loved trees. Why, on his honeymoon, mummy said . . . And everybody knew what a fool he was about the big old cherry tree beside the terrace. He talked to it as if it were a human being.

And now . . . in a week . . . they'd be taking her far away from him. Her tongue seemed to have broken up in dry pieces, like a mouthful of sand.

LOOKED like somebody was getting ready for a party out on the terrace," daddy said. "Maybe you'd rather have stayed and passed buns around." He rolled his blue marble of an eye around at her mischievously and then winked.

"Oh, no. It's nothing I'd care for . . . much," she said.

"Some gals I'm acquainted with? Maybe we should have waited to speak to 'em," daddy said. "I like to be a polite influence in your life, you know. Or maybe it was something formal?"

"Oh, no," Dimps said noncommittally. "It's . . . it's an engagement party." She said that with such flatness that she was sure he'd lose interest. But instead he perked up.

"H'mm. Nothing I like better'n a good spicy engagement party. Somebody I know?"

"Yes. It's Uncle Tom Sessions and his little boy Malcolm," she said after a long frantic moment, and then she began desperately to ask about the play they were going to see this afternoon. But daddy burst out laughing.

"Good heavens!" he said. "Has romance sunk so low? And who're they getting engaged to? Some hardy Amazon, I hope."

You did have to be pretty 'telligent with daddy or you found yourself out on a limb. . . .

"H'mm. Who're our fishy friends getting engaged to? And how come mummy is sponsoring such an unholy event?"

"Oh . . . us," Dimps said with desperate casualness. "We thought we'd marry 'em . . . for awhile, sort of . . ."

Then, to her horror, she knew that a tear was running down saltily to her mouth.

"I . . . I wasn't supposed to tell you," she said. "I don't know how I happened to. . . ." And she was dabbing at her eyes with her white gloves, but there was no use trying to pinch back the tears.

DADDY slapped on the brakes and said something violent that began with "Why, that mealy-mouthed so-and-so . . ." And then he remembered himself, and he laughed and put his arm around Dimps, and began driving along just as if nothing had happened.

"Well, is that a fact?" he said, and the funny little white thread that sometimes showed at the corner of his mouth was twitching, and that was the only way you'd have known. "Why, that's great," he said . . . but his arm was trembling on Dimps' shoulder. She lay against him and cried for a moment, and it was the nearest she'd come to being happy for a long time.

"Nothing to cry about," he said gruffly. "You'll just have a whole lot of new relatives, that's all." They drove along for five miles or so, and then daddy said, "Say, I've an idea. Whyn't we go to the engagement party? Whyn't we show our good will and everything like that?"

"We can't," she said. "I . . . I wasn't supposed to tell you, darling."

"Nonsense," he said bravely. "Probably take a weight off of mummy's mind to know I know. She's probably worrying about how you and I'd take all this. We'll go back and show 'em how we stand."

Dimps said, "Malcolm doesn't know yet. Malcolm's a little difficult, mummy says. So she and Uncle Tom thought . . . they thought that maybe . . . if I wasn't there . . ."

"Have you been difficult?" Daddy asked. And then he laughed. "No, I'm sure you haven't. After all, you've got me."

"Yes," she said, "I've got you, daddy." And California came up and nearly choked her again.

"Malcolm's quite a lad," daddy said, "or has he improved?"

"Well, you know how Uncle Tom is," she said uncomfortably. "He does give him everything he wants . . . and somehow . . ."

"I see what you mean," daddy said understandingly. "But once Malcolm sees what a big happy family he's marrying into . . . give and take and all that . . . live and let live . . . and everything." This was the kind of talk mummy called "disagreeable." But, after all, you couldn't blame him. They *had* run the lawn mowers over him, all of them.

Daddy said, "I think we'll go back, my friend. I think we ought to represent our interests, as we say in the late financial world."

"O. K.," she said breathlessly. "And they're having baked Alaska, too." But she knew that even baked Alaska would be tasteless on such a day as this and in such company.

"Well, then," he said gaily.

SUDDENLY he was looking much more like himself. Carefree and full of the devil. Scared of nothing on earth. A man who could laugh in a lawyer's face, and wear half-soled shoes sitting at a broker's desk, just because he was stubborn about earning his own money.

Dimps said to herself, "Good heavens, I hope he's not going to be outrageous." She knew the way that went: lovely fun while it was happening, but afterward frost on every one's voice.

But when she saw him greeting the Sessionses and mummy, she knew she had wronged him. He was as well behaved and proper as Uncle Tom himself, and you certainly couldn't say more than that for any one.

The three of them, mummy and Uncle Tom and Malcolm, looked like a strange ready-made family sitting in the sunshine waiting for its luncheon. Mummy was wearing her big-boned reading glasses, as if she were trying to live up to Uncle Tom's expectations of her. Uncle Tom's back was turned, so he didn't see them, Dimps and daddy, coming over the lawn; he went on explaining a typewritten letter to mummy, waving his arms and pointing out something. Malcolm, that unappetizing spoiled child whose nurse had neglected tying down his ears in the cradle, had eaten most of the olives from the luncheon table, and was spitting the stones in a design. It made Dimps boil to see him.

Coming upon them on this bright Custoday morning, they looked like some kind of yawning trap in which your foot was about to be caught. They looked inevitable and solid and sure; the rest of your life laid out for you in a dull diagram. With nowhere left for daddy.

But daddy himself was the soul of affability. He strode forward and seized Uncle Tom by the hand, pumping it up and down jovially just the way that Uncle Tom usually did.

"Congratulations, old man," he said, as though Uncle Tom had just run a race. And indeed that's the way he looked, for his face was red and blown up, and he was puffing, after he'd scrambled to his feet. "I just heard the good news," daddy said.

Mummy looked accusingly at Dimps, but daddy intercepted the look and tossed it back in her lap.

"No, Fran," he said, "I didn't really hear it. I . . . . I *smelled* it. So don't blame our child."

"Well, thanks. We've not exactly announced it yet," Uncle Tom said uncomfortably. Mummy had taken off her glasses, as though she'd been caught in a guilty disguise. Uncle Tom stood significantly beside his chair, courteously waiting for daddy to leave.

"It's nice to see you again," he said suggestingly. "We never seem to run into each other any more."

Daddy went over and sat on the wall of the terrace, as politely as if somebody had urged him to. "No, we don't," he said gently. "You see, I'm an arborist nowadays . . . tree valet to you. When I do get around to my old friends' houses, I'm usually down in their orchards, and it's generally pretty early in the morning." He went on telling how beautiful the early morning was, and how too bad it was that so few people ever saw their estates in the best way, which, it seemed, was hanging from a treetop with spikes spurred to your boot heels.

Uncle Tom hemmed and coughed at this and poured out a jigger of civil laughter . . . not too much and not too little, just the right amount, however mummy happened to be taking it.

But mummy wasn't taking it at all. She said stiffly, "If you and Dimps are making that matinee, Steve, you'll have to be getting along." Her eyes fastened themselves like too brilliant buttons on daddy's necktie and refused to go any higher.

"Oh, we're tossing aside the matinee," daddy said. "A great family occasion like this! We thought you'd ask us to stay for the party."

Malcolm spat out the last olive pit and said, "Oh, is this a party? I thought it was just a lousy lunch."

"That'll do," Uncle Tom said with absent-minded firmness, so that you knew he said this about two hundred times a day and didn't expect much to come of it. "Of course, stay. By all means, Steve. That is, if Fran thinks it would be pleasant."

"Why, of course," mummy said faintly. "It didn't occur to me you'd be interested. But, as Tom says, by all means."

So that was settled, but daddy was the only one who looked comfortable about it. He smiled up at his favorite tree, and when the other four stumbled and fell into the wet concrete of silence, and then all blurted out some inconsequential remark, and jerked up and apologized and smirkingly wallowed back into the silence, he smiled good-naturedly. Even Malcolm, who certainly couldn't have been called socially conscious, was less at ease than daddy was.

Then Carrie arrived with the cold consommé, nearly dropping it on the flagstones when she saw daddy lounging on the wall.

"Why . . . . Mr. Patterson . . . I thought you was a ghost!" she said. "I could have swore I seen you driving off more than an hour ago. I says to Alice, 'There he is, just as natural, poor boy.'" Then she pulled her big sweet-bun of a face into proper blankness, for, like all the servants, she could never remember not to be friendly with daddy.

"Matter of fact, I feel like a ghost," daddy said, "the ghost at the banquet. Though I'm tickled," he said—"I'm tickled as the dickens. If it's what everybody wants."

"I see what you mean," Carrie said bewilderedly, picking up one of daddy's own expressions, the way people so easily did. "Well . . . . anyway, you'll excuse me while I get some more consommé. That is, if you're staying, Mr. Patterson."

"I'm staying, Carrie," daddy said—"for the afternoon anyway."

Of all the things in the world they all knew about, nobody could think of a thing to say. You could hear them all rummaging around in ragbags, seizing ill-assorted fragments. But nothing matched. They talked

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about Uncle Tom's business, which of course was the market, and that was a sore subject. They talked about Malcolm's school, but you could see that, too, had barbed wire around the edges. They talked about how Dimps had grown, but that was only to be expected, every one said. They talked about the war, and the tennis matches, and how good were Carrie's popovers, and how *could* Malcolm hold so many. They talked, in fact, about everything at desperate random. But they didn't mention the engagement.

It seemed as if hours must have passed, but all their watches, peeped at sideways, said no. Dimps thought, We're going to live awfully long lives if we spend 'em together.

After luncheon, mummy took out her knitting, and Uncle Tom sharpened a pencil, and Malcolm fidgeted. Only daddy looked comfortable, and full of a menacing leisure.

But at last Uncle Tom could stand it no longer. "Look here, Patterson," he said in a loud masterful voice. "If you've come here to say something, let's get on with it."

Mummy said, "He hasn't come to say anything. He's just relying on his old talent—nuisance value."

"Matter of fact, I *have* come to say something," daddy said gently. "I've come to make sure this man can support you in the style to which you're accustomed, my darling."

"*Really!*" Uncle Tom said, and burst out in a sandstorm of laughter.

"The time to think about marriages is before they happen," daddy said as patiently as if he were talking to rude children. "Contrary to opinion, once you really get into one, you never quite get out of it. It isn't like moving out of a house, or breaking a lease, or getting naturalized. It's not a garment you can slip out of; it's more like a tattoo. You can keep it covered and away from other people, but soon as you're alone and naked . . ."

"That will do," Uncle Tom sputtered, as if he were talking to Malcolm. "*That will do!*"

Daddy looked at him pityingly, and he really did look pretty absurd at the moment. Daddy's cool blue eyes estimated his weight and brains and all his superior prospects with transparent fairness, and then he said to mummy, as if Tom Sessions weren't there:

"My darling, whatever gave you the idea I'd let you marry this worthy but dull . . . this puffed-up, browned-on-both-sides, inflated, sugar-cured, gilt-edged, dyed-in-the-wool, preshrunk, warranted-not-to-run . . ."

EVERYBODY held their breath waiting for the noun worthy to be heralded in by such adjectives. Uncle Tom's eyes kept getting poppier and poppier, and daddy's voice, snipping along mercilessly like pruning shears, got deeper and deadlier. Malcolm, who had been lying under the cherry tree, annoying a worm, got up on his knees in admiration.

"Why, of all the . . ." Uncle Tom said, furiously crimson.

"Gosh," said his son, "I think you could go on and on. You've got a vocabulary, Mr. Patterson, or I'm a son of a gun."

"That will definitely do," mummy said, her voice a silly frill of lace around Tom Sessions.

Daddy said, "I apologize. I meant to be impersonal about this. What I think is neither here nor there. If you and Tom really want to marry each other, noises I make will only encourage the thing. So I'll make noises and you see how you feel. If a thing is true, it can be said in any language. Even mine. If you really love him . . . if you've anything valid between you, it can survive anything. Even me."

"I think Fran *has* survived you," Tom said heavily, "since you bring up the point."

"I do bring up the point," Steve said steadily. "We'll run over it lightly. You see, the judge gave me one day a week. That's one seventh of all time. Are you prepared to have me occupy one seventh of your wife's future? One year out of seven, to put it simply. Nine minutes out of every hour . . . seven weeks and three days out of every year?"

Uncle Tom, to whom figures were so much catnip, was outraged at this blasphemy. "No wonder the Old Man wouldn't have you in his office! Why, you . . . you twist figures!"

Daddy went on as if he hadn't heard him. "If Fran thinks of me for nine minutes out of every hour, what's left of the hour's hardly worth having. You'll find that's true, my friend."

Even Dimps knew there was some trick about this; she'd seen daddy's figures before. And then she saw that mummy had covered her face with her hand and she was shaking as if she were crying. Uncle Tom went over and bent over her protectively, and then he straightened up angrily, for mummy, who had been brought up in a family of figure worshipers, was shaking with guilty mirth.

"Just ignore him, Tom," she said weakly. "Don't let him get you to jumping through those silly mathematic gymnastics with him. The point is, the judge gave him nothing at all about me. He sees Dimps, of course, one day a week."

"Ah, exactly," daddy said. "And how do you spend that day, my darling? To be perfectly frank, you spend it wondering what we're doing."

"Naturally," mummy said with dignity. "Naturally I'm interested."

"You ask her very sly questions," daddy said, "and the next week I ask her even slyer ones, and, from nearly a year of investigation, I find you're madly curious. In fact, you might as well be with us."

"Nonsense!" mummy said pinkly. "And what *is* this all about, anyway?"

"It's about love," daddy said to her, "and that new world two people build when they love each other very much."

Now there wasn't the slightest audacity in his voice. He was talking the way he talked to people who didn't know anything about trees, so that they could learn without having their naked ignorance uncovered.

"People plant love in each other and something grows up between them. You can keep it trimmed around your life like a well bred hedge, or you can let it grow up wild and free like the beanstalk, until it reaches the floor of heaven. You can make a garden or a jungle out of it, and the miracle is that sometimes it's one, and the next day it's the other. Unless, of course, it was only cut flowers to start with."

"Cut flowers!" Tom said indignantly. "You talk like a fool, Patterson."

Daddy didn't deny it but he looked at mummy and he looked at Dimps, and the quick understanding flashed around the three of them.

"I don't doubt that you and Fran'll always be friends," he said graciously.

"You've got a heck of a nerve," Tom said, "telling me about us."

"Well, you tell me, then," daddy said. "What *are* you planning to make this marriage out of?"

"Plenty," Tom said sulkily, in spite of himself. "Out of common sense and congenial tastes. We both like riding and antiques, and Fran knows I'm reliable in every way."

"I see," Steve said judicially. "So you're going to ride antiques and collect horses and waddle around on your fat common sense. And Fran is going to have the frisky privilege of bringing up that sour-cream offspring of yours . . ."

Before any one could say anything in rebuttal, there was a juicy plop, and a wad of squeezed cherries hit him on the ear. Every one had forgotten Malcolm, who had slithered up the tree to get a better view.

Dimps said, "Why . . . you vile anthill!" and she clawed at the trunk of the tree, relieved to be in this at last.

But daddy brushed her off and shinnied up the trunk himself. The adults watched in fascinated horror, for it was the first time either of them had ever seen one of Malcolm's ugly brood of deeds hatch out a punishment. Without a word Steve reached the limb on which the little boy was squatting, grinning uncertainly.

"Will I give it to you here, or on the ground?" daddy said, without anger. "Relax when you land or you'll probably break a leg." With amazing dexterity he swept Malcolm off the limb and then jumped down

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himself, picked up the surprised screaming bundle and brushed it off, and then shook hands with it.

"The handshake is to fix it in your mind," he said, "and the walloping will fix it where you'll probably best remember it." He turned Malcolm over his knee then and gave him a very thorough spanking.

Then Steve dusted off his hands as though he'd been touching an unpleasant object, and came leaping over the wall on to the terrace.

"To resume," he said tranquilly. "What you have to face, my friend, is that Fran and I have a fierce undergrowth between us of love . . . and anger. We've said things to each other we'll never say again to any living soul. Words mean things to both of us. . . . *Watch her, Tom!* . . . The rain at Belfast, darling . . . pink luster . . . Your Honor, Judge Cherrytree . . . money torn in half . . ."

"*Please!*" mummy said in a stifled little whisper, and she got up and turned her back to all of them.

"You see," daddy said. "Nothing can ever erase what's been scrawled across the white pages of darkness. . . ."

Tom's face flamed.

"And there's fun mixed up with love, if love's any good," Steve said. "And Fran's used to a high standard of loving."

"Hush, Steve." Mummy sat down.

"And did you ever love somebody so much you chased her a mile to read a postcard she wouldn't show you . . . and cut off her hair because some goof you didn't like liked it a little too well? . . . And can you imagine going without dinner so you'd have money to talk to her long-distance . . . and having to kiss her in a theater lobby even though you've been married five years?"

Uncle Tom said, "There are children present, Patterson."

"So what? Children were made out of love, weren't they? Well made children, anyway. . . ."

Dimps thought wildly that he might cry . . . only, of course, a man couldn't cry.

Malcolm said, "Hey, you two! Whyn't you go on and get married, and let Mr. Patterson take Dimps and me off your hands?" But nobody paid any attention to him.

Steve said, blazing now, "Love's like your food. It makes your bones and your flesh. . . . It gets to *be* you, yourself. That's what Fran is now. She's made out of the crazy wild kind of love we had together. . . ."

"I won't listen to such talk," she said in a small voice. "I simply won't sit here and listen."

"You would, if it didn't matter to you," Steve said. "But let me put my finger on your heart, and I'll tell you why you won't listen . . . you had forgotten it could beat like that, darling."

He went over and picked her up from her chair, and in another moment he would have put his hand upon her heart . . . that mad fifth column in her, clamoring for his touch.

But she slapped him across the mouth, and he only held her away from him and smiled into her eyes.

"That's all right, Fran," he said. "That's what you were supposed to do." She put her hands over her face, but he took them down quite gently and he said, "So I'm not telling you anything . . . am I?"

Then he looked up into the cherry tree and said, "Your Honor, I'd like to state my case."

He had forgotten Tom and the lately spanked boy and Dimps. Even himself, with that indecency of devotion which is a man's extremest summoning.

"I want another chance," he said. "You see, your Honor, I loved her so much I wanted her to be proud of me . . . and I couldn't learn her father's old money business . . . and I was too stubborn to explain . . . and I kept on loving her, and hating her because I still loved her. . . ."

"*Steve!*"

"And so, your Honor, if you'd give me another chance . . ."

Then Fran stood beside him and looked up at the tree.

"Your Honor, I want another chance, too," she said. "We'd go away from my family . . . live in his little house . . . and he could have his trees to work on . . ."

Daddy said, "Darned if there wasn't an income tax hanging on one of them this year, Fran."

Tom said, "What *is* all this?"

"It's love," daddy said over his shoulder, "and I recommend it to you, brother."

Malcolm spoke respectfully to his father, and that in itself was news. "Listen, sir," he said. "If those two are getting engaged and setting up housekeeping, why don't you ask 'em if they wouldn't like to have the custody of me? I think that guy could make something out of me."

"That guy could make something out of anything," Uncle Tom said. He got up and scuffed toward the house, but mummy and daddy didn't even notice he had left.

THE END

WHAT DEMOCRACY MEANS TO ME

By Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

THE idols of the market place, those words and phrases which pass current among men carelessly and without testing, are even more devotedly worshiped today than they were when Bacon first described them. We speak lightly and in familiar terms of the words which stand for the greatest achievements of man, and too seldom do we stop to ask ourselves whether we truly grasp and understand their significance. The word democracy is one of these.

We Americans approach all present-day problems in the spirit of democracy, and with more than a century of schooling in democracy behind us; but are we quite sure that we know what democracy means and implies? Have we so fast a hold upon principle that not even the allurements of greed and envy or the promptings of angry passion will sweep us from our moorings? For there is a democracy false and a democracy true, and it is just when the economic or social problem presses hardest for solution that the sharp contrast between the two is lost sight of and the line which divides them is blurred. To consider the true and the false conceptions of democracy is to equip ourselves with the armor of sound and well tested principle to meet the tasks and problems of tomorrow.

Was Lord Byron right when he cried, "What is democracy?—an aristocracy of blackguards!" or was the truth not with Mazzini, who defined democracy as "the progress of all through all, under the leadership of the best and wisest"? Everything depends upon the answer. Perhaps we shall reach the answer most safely and securely if we examine some significant facts in recent political history.

Lord Acton, scholar and wise man of the world, whose hope was to live long enough to write the history of liberty in Europe, once said that "The deepest cause which made the French Revolution so disastrous to liberty was its theory of equality. Liberty was the watchword of the middle class, equality of the lower. It was the lower class that won the battles of the third estate; that took the Bastille, and made France a constitutional monarchy; that took the Tuileries, and made France a republic. They claimed their reward. The middle class, having cast down the upper orders with the aid of the lower, instituted a new inequality and a privilege for itself."

The political and social anarchy which Lord Acton describes must be the inevitable result whenever the passion for economic equality overcomes the love of liberty in men's breasts. For the state is founded upon justice, and justice involves liberty, and liberty denies economic equality; because equality of ability, of efficiency, and even of physical force are unknown among men. To secure an equality which is other than the political equality incident to liberty, the more efficient must be shackled that they may not outrun the less efficient, for there is no known device by which the less efficient can be spurred on to equal the accomplishment of the more efficient. Objective conditions must, of course, be equalized, particularly those conditions which are created by the state. But this is true not because such an equality is an end in itself, but because it is essential to liberty.

If we can fix clearly in mind this fundamental contradiction between equality of possessions, equality of capacity, equality of attainment, and liberty, we shall have reached the clue to the distinction between a democracy which is false and spurious, and a democracy which is true and real.

FRANK BENSING 40

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7 STEPS TO PERSONAL SUCCESS

4 Your Skills

BY PROFESSOR WALTER B. PITKIN

Author of Life Begins at Forty

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YOU set out to improve your personality. So you do as any good learner does: you start with the easiest tasks and slowly work up to the hardest.

Easiest to improve (and least important, too) are your surface appearances. You learn how to present a good body and poise, good features, pleasing voice, and so on. Next you master your behavior in ordinary human contacts such as conversation and manners. You aim to become lively and full of variety; for these are the fundamental characteristics which most people enjoy.

What next? Skills. How few of us have ever realized their importance in developing a well rounded personality! We think of skills as having to do with jobs and with money success. Well, many skills do help us earn a living; but they also help us please people, serve people, impress people, and manage people. This they do in two ways: first, they strengthen us inwardly by increasing our self-confidence; second, they strengthen us outwardly by binding people to us through the help and advice we are able to render them.

LET'S look first at the simpler skills of manipulating things. (Later we'll consider the higher skills of handling people.) Let's ignore their

Why I no longer serve liquor with an eye-dropper!

I USED TO BE a generous guy when I served drinks.

Then the liquor tax came along. Not knowing about Mattingly & Moore, I had to retrench. I started serving liquor with an eye-dropper—six drops for a highball, four for an old-fashioned.

One by one my friends deserted me. The last one said: "Mattingly & Moore is a good whiskey, and it's less expensive with the tax than your present brand was without it. Use M & M. Then you can put eight drops in a highball."

I got a bottle of M & M. It tasted so good and cost so little I grew positively lavish. I put half a jigger in a highball. Then three-quarters of a jigger. Then a whole jigger. My friends came back to me.

I am again a popular person—and I love it! I pay the tax—which is a good fair tax levied for national defense. I also have a useless eye-dropper which I will sell dirt cheap.

YOU'LL PAY LESS...
...AND LIKE IT BETTER

MATTINGLY & MOORE
BLENDED WHISKEY

Mattingly & Moore

BLENDED WHISKEY—*86 proof—72½% grain neutral spirits.*
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

value on a job. Think only of their effect upon personality.

Did you hear about the kind American who wanted to help a young refugee woman from Finland? He tried to find work for her in or around his own home. But she couldn't cook; she couldn't sew; she couldn't care for children; she couldn't do anything else her benefactor asked about.

"Well, isn't there something she can do?" he asked the interpreter.

Her eyes brightened as the interpreter put the question.

"Oh, yes indeed. I can milk reindeer!"

Now suppose that this were her only skill. What effect would it have on her personality? First of all, it would make her helpless in almost every situation that might arise in American life. She would sit around and do nothing. Secondly, she'd have to call on others for help in all ordinary troubles. In time this would infuriate most persons; for we dislike helpless folks who clamor for help continually. They wear us down, and to no good purpose.

For all practical purposes, such a helpless woman would be feeble-minded and would best be treated as such. She could have no confidence in herself, could she? She would grow more and more timid as she faced more and more situations and failed at them. She would trust herself in nothing. She would stop trying. And then she'd hit zero.

CONTRAST her to a mechanic I knew. After saving his fat wages as a lathe expert in a navy yard, he retired to a fishing village. When the spirit of work moved him, he'd rebuild boat engines, repair fishing hulls, mend sails, and rig yachts. I watched him many a time with awe. He could make a monkey wrench sing Yankee Doodle. With hammer, screw driver, and some wire, he'd repair things which experts wouldn't touch without a kit of tools and a machine shop at hand.

Whenever he saw a villager pottering and moaning over a broken electric-light fixture or a torn fish net or a loose shingle on the roof or a leaky faucet, my friend would ask if he couldn't try a hand at the job. In two jerks of a lamb's jiffy he'd have things right. Then he'd thank the villager for a good time, grin, and amble up street.

Now, what effect did this have on the villagers? My friend stood out, in their minds, as a man of power. (Which he was.) To him anybody could turn when in trouble. His immense skill gave him tremendous self-confidence—which in turn gave him calm. And this calm made a great hero of him during a terrible coast storm.

The wind blew at ninety miles an hour. The tides climbed up into the houses and the waves beat down the doors. Children and old folks fled inland. Men and women sought refuge in churches and the courthouse. But what did our mechanic do?

He pulled on oilskins and started around town fixing things so that the wind wouldn't damage them. He was blown a hundred feet in one mad gust, but got up unruffled and went back to work.

"A stitch in time saves nine," was all he said afterward. And his stitches did save nine, according to the insurance adjusters. He'd known precisely what to do and did as much as a lone man could do. He saved the village thousands of dollars. They called him a hero. Well, he was and he wasn't. He was the kind of hero that any highly trained man is who knows his stuff and has no fear when called on to do it.

Skill alone strengthens you inwardly and not outwardly. It gives you self-reliance and the calm of strength. But it does not win friends and influence people. To make your skill count outwardly, you must use it to help other people—and not expect rewards. Our mechanic did just that. I know how the villagers felt toward him; for I've had kindhearted folks help me just as he helped his neighbors. Always there comes to mind a windy afternoon near Kitty Hawk, away out on the Hatteras dunes.

On the tail of a late fall gale I drove down to Kitty Hawk. All the summer cottagers had left long since.

Every beach house was boarded up tight. I bumped over a storm-wracked road. Wreckage made driving a sort of obstacle race. I swerved a little to dodge a great beam—and went into loose sand up to the running boards.

While pondering my next move, I spied a car. In it were six boys, all between ten and sixteen. They drew up beside me. Three hopped out, while the others drove on to fetch a towline from town, four miles away.

Soon the car was back on the shattered road. But the engine wouldn't start. The boys lifted the hood and went into a huddle. Did they know automobiles? Down to the last nut and bolt! . . . They found that sand and water had worked into the feed lines and carburetor. No, I needn't get a garage mechanic . . . they'd fix it.

Within an hour the engine was purring sweetly.

"A fine job, fellows. Wish I could pay you what you're worth," said I, and handed them all my loose change, some six dollars. (They wouldn't have known what a traveler's check was.)

"We can't take money," said an eleven-year-old courteously. "We don't take money for helping folks out of trouble."

I'll never forget them. I hope one of them reads these lines. He'll understand what I want you to understand: to use skill in service builds your reputation and adds friendships more surely than all the pretty looks and all the nice manners in the world.

WHAT if you were stranded for ten years on a desert island? What sort of person would you get along with best? I can tell you. It wouldn't be a handsome Dan. Nor a smooth talker. Nor a deep thinker conversant with Plato and Kant. Nor a sculptor. Nor a joker. It would be somebody who had the largest, most varied combination of all the skills of work and play.

Work and play must combine, especially on desert islands. Work is far more important than play. If you have to choose between them, choose work always.

Play skills grow important in proportion to time free from toil. They're worthless in a world of full-time drudges. Among the leisure classes they're of the highest value. This fact has deep meaning. When you set out to improve your personality, you must make up your mind which kinds of people you most keenly desire to impress well and to get along with. Nobody can impress everybody else equally well. Nobody can get along with everybody else. Each human type has its own limits of likes and friendships. Which are yours?

If the people you aim at never play, you need not cultivate play skills. If they play always, you may have to follow one of two courses: either turn playboy yourself, or go in for useful skills which enable your future friends to escape work and to play to their hearts' content. If, however, your future friends are normal, they will mix work with play. So your rule will be to strike a similar balance. If they all play tennis, then you must. If they are billiard fiends, you must become one. Run with the pack, or run alone.

Spread your play skills far more widely than any single group of would-be friends ever does. A man who can play everything from polo to chess has the advantage over one who plays only polo or only chess or only anything else. He pleases many more people. He fits into more social situations. He renders more pleasant services to bored week-enders, to distraught hostesses, and to tired business men.

Many a young man and woman have won business success and happy marriages, as well as a host of friends, through their play skills. With these skills they have relieved people of boredom and have amused them. Hence friends. Hence recommendations. Hence invitations to parties where the young aspirants meet important personages. And so up they go.

WILL you recommend the best combination of work skills and play skills for a young person of, say, twenty who expects to live in a large city and to work alongside of men and women who are mostly high-school graduates?"

This pattern of question often comes to me. I can't tell you what skills to cultivate. So much depends upon the individual's aim in life, the kind of people he deals with, and hence his special approach to those people. However, I can answer a large part of the question by describing the man I know who is best liked by the widest variety of people and who gets along with rich and poor, with social snobs and with park-bench bums, with college professors and with morons amazingly well. I think he represents a typical personality for a typical American society better than anybody I know.

He has always been poor and has worked hard. He began as a bookkeeper. Later he became a traveling salesman. Then he rose to training salesmen for the same company that had sent him out on the road. While out on the road he drove his own car. Being poor, he had to save every cent; so he became a first-class auto mechanic. I've watched him lie under a bogged car and work only with his fingers, seeing nothing at all. And the darned car ran.

While a salesman he learned the value of conversation and trained himself in the telling of good stories and in holding up the bad end of an argument. He got so much fun out of this that he undertook to take notes of everything he saw and heard, so that sometime he might use them in table talk. He has at least fifty pounds of notebooks thus filled. And how he can spin yarns from them!

I've spent many a night with him, and believe him to be one of the four or five finest long-distance conversationalists I've ever known. I know much cleverer ones who hold up for half an hour or so. But this man is as good after two days as after ten minutes. He made it his business to practice telling his stories so that, when delivered, they sounded utterly casual. Sheer stagecraft — nothing less.

He writes quite well. His informal letters are a delight. He always has something to relate and some opinion to express that is fresh, if not startling. He knows trees, flowers, birds, and insects much better than the average person, though he's not an expert. He follows politics keenly—if anything, a shade too keenly. He'll argue any current issue as long as you wish. But he will never impose upon you. If he senses that you're not interested, he drops the subject like a hot poker. This tact runs through all his dealings with people. It's close to genius. He wants to please folks. He's sincere about it, too. He carries it so far that he endures a bore with more patience than Job ever mustered.

He's a fair housekeeper, cook, and camper. He can do almost any domestic task better than the average high-school girl can. And he seems to enjoy it, too. He plays an indifferent game of tennis, but is fair at poker and bridge and pinochle. He rides a horse beautifully, though he never owned one. He swims pretty well. He doesn't like dancing but forced himself to learn the art moderately.

If you're broke, he'll go in debt to help you. If you're sick, he'll sit up nights with you. If you're hurt, he'll turn first aid faster than a Boy Scout. If you're lonely, he'll invite you to his house and encourage you to stay as long as you want to.

To succeed you must have character. What is character? Next week Professor Pitkin analyzes this vital phase of personality.

Do you wonder that he has scores of devoted friends, young and old, from coast to coast? Yet this man, so far as I know, never had more than five hundred dollars at once in all his life.

Please observe that he is not remarkable in any one skill. His personality roots in the wide spread of skills and in his eagerness to use them all for the good of his friends. He has the calm poise of a man who will never be stranded through lack of wit or deftness. Everybody looks up to him. Everybody enjoys him. What more could anybody ask?

Follow his pattern in its broader outlines. Fit it to your own particular needs. Spread your skills widely, in any event. Don't think you must excel in each skill. Your personality will be enhanced more by variety than by peak performance.

The Mourner

READING TIME • 1 MINUTE 20 SECONDS

AGENT BARRETT, of the American Company's Chicago office, told the following story about Judge Gray of the Supreme Court Bench in the State of Iowa. The incident took place in 1886.

"I don't know Judge Gray myself," said Barrett, "but I hear he's a very estimable gentleman, though one likely to get excited when matters go wrong. As for the truth of the story, it was told me by a well known Methodist minister of Iowa." The story goes on as follows:

"Some years ago Judge Gray was called to Colorado by the death of a relative who had in vain sought better health in the mountains. Judge Gray was to bring back the body. On the way back a transshipment was necessary at Council Bluffs. Judge Gray purchased tickets there for Iowa City and attended to the checking of the coffin in regular form. He then retired to his berth in the sleeper for a night's rest.

"At four thirty the next morning the porter awakened him to dress. The judge had not slept well, and the early rising did not help to put him in good humor. As soon as he left the train at Iowa City, he walked to the baggage office, to find that the body of his relative was not there.

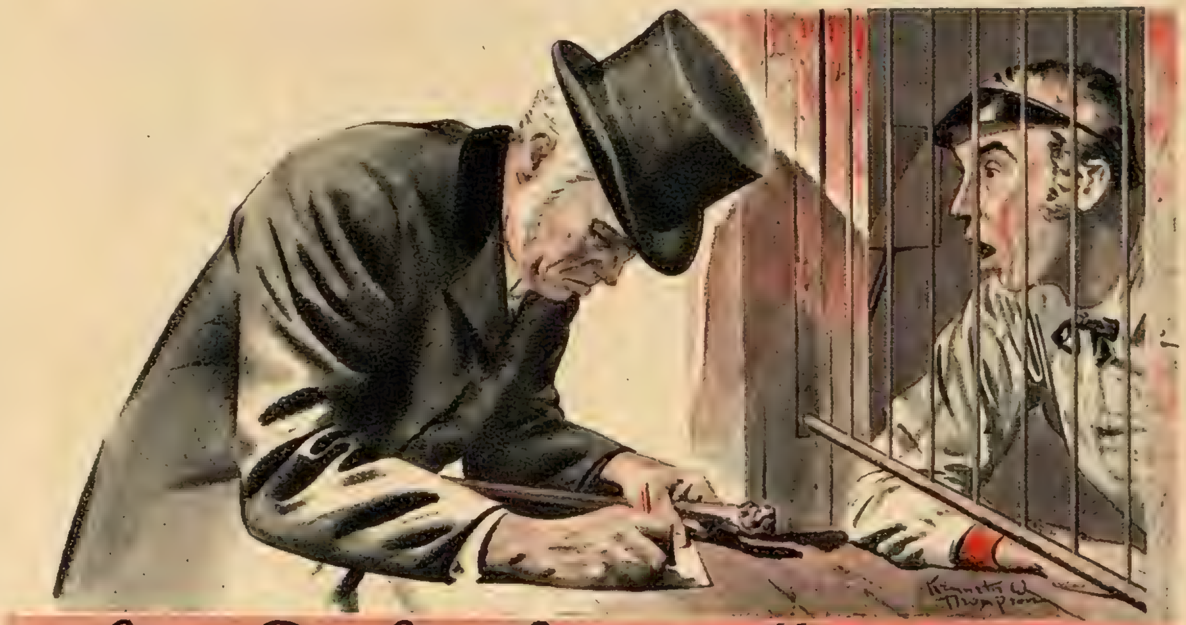
"'Nobody came this morning,' said the station agent.

"Judge Gray was furious. Without uttering one word, he walked to the telegraph office, seized a pen, dashed off a dispatch to the baggage agent at Council Bluffs, and thrust it through the window at the astonished operator. This was the message:

"'Where in hell is my mother-in-law?'"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



Liberty's True Short Short by Michael Hall

THE *Warm* CRISP WAY TO SAY IT!
DO NOT OPEN 'TIL CHRISTMAS
TOASTMASTER
Jr. Toast 'n Jam Set
only $8.50

Here's the gift that puts all the others in the shade of the old Christmas tree! A *Toastmaster** Junior Toast 'n Jam Set. Handsome Junior non-automatic toaster, cheerfully ready with two beautiful slices—hot, fresh, and brown—flipped up at a touch of your finger. On a walnut tray with soft-colored jam pot and toast plate of Franciscan Ware. One of the nicest ways Santa ever whispered, to say Merry Christmas. The Set, $8.50; toaster alone, $7.50.

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To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 17 SECONDS

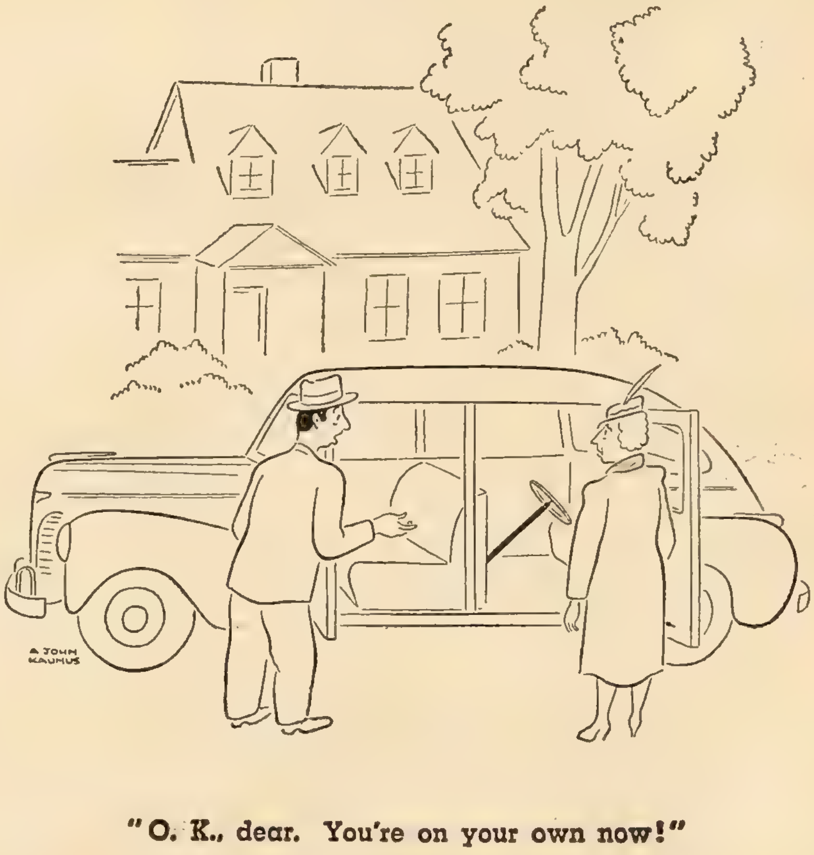
OUR Christmas-candy preferences have changed more in size than in kind. No longer do we want the boys to give us great big gaudy boxes packed with pounds and pounds of potential hips. If men insist upon tempting us, it must be with smaller amounts, and smaller candies as well. Gone also is our weakness for magnificent boxes in plush, lacquer, hand-painted Dresden. We feel they don't suit the severe decorative taste of our modern homes. Candy boxes we like best now are of plain wood or china in shapes fit to utilize afterward as salad bowls, ice buckets, relish trays, etc. Yes, candy business has grown pretty complicated. The stylish miniature chocolates, for example, cost a lot more to make. . . . Ann Herlt, who told me all this, has been a candy expert at Schrafft's for thirty-five years. I asked her about some of her famous customers. . . . Independent indeed as a candy shopper is politician James A. Farley, who takes no advice but hangs long and rapt over the glass cases, picking out each piece by personal judgment. Sonja Henie and Osa Johnson are fudge addicts. ZaSu Pitts sticks to coconut dainties. Barbara Hutton and Gail Patrick take thin mints with them wherever they go. . . . Hostesses buy fancy candy chiefly for table adornment. Combining business with generosity, a prominent dentist who specializes in work on children's teeth orders forty pounds of hard candy four times a year to hand out to his little patients!

☆ One word at a time, one note at a time, a song of hope has been smuggled out of a German concentration camp where political victims work at forced labor reclaiming dismal marshes. The song is called Soldiers of the Swamp. Though quite short, it took *a year* to be assembled in this country. Desperately courageous, it ends with these words of sublime yearning: *"Heimat, Heimat, wieder mein*—Homeland, homeland, mine again!" . . . Recently I heard it sung in private by Sergei Radamsky, lyric tenor, a voluntary Jewish refugee from Soviet Russia. He refuses to live under any dictator. So does the tall, gaunt Aryan who approached the piano when Radamsky was through. "Please sing it again," said the newcomer, "and let me accompany you." *He* was Otto Klemperer, great German orchestra conductor, also in self-imposed exile here. As they finished Soldiers of the Swamp together there was no applause from us who listened. Emotion ran too deep in all our hearts.

☆ *Seven novelty presents to give to men:* Smart cuff links of knotted silk cord, blue, gray, brown, or black, three pairs for $1.50. . . . Set of eight engraved highball glasses with names and pictures of eight champion dogs, $3. . . . Electric tie presser, $1. . . . Alumalite caddy for soda or ginger-ale bottles, silver or gold finish, $4. . . . Leather pocket case holding six to nine snapshot photos, $1.75. . . . Tabulated memo book for birthday and anniversary dates, garment or ring sizes, favorite colors, etc., around $1. . . . Sunset Barbecue Book, all about outdoor cooking, $1.

☆ Seasonable note from Wendell Smith of Topeka, Kansas, where parties of friends, men and women—all open-fire fanatics—have fun going out in the woods together to get logs. They turn on a radio in some one's car and then chop to music.

"Our favorite chopping tune," says Mr. Smith, "is Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony."



"O. K., dear. You're on your own now!"

☆ In old frontier days a usual way to serve roast turkey was with this *Corn Bread Stuffing,* now seldom remembered but still one of the best, and inexpensive too. . . . The corn bread should be a day old. Make it as follows: Mix 2 cups corn meal with 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups buttermilk, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 egg whipped frothy, 2½ tablespoons melted butter. Bake 35 to 40 minutes in moderate oven, taking care not to overbrown. Next day crumble the bread. To it add ½ cup chopped celery leaves, ½ teaspoon thyme, 1 large onion chopped and simmered in butter, 1 cup sliced mushrooms also simmered in butter, 2 cups chopped nut meats, salt, pepper, and last of all 1 egg lightly beaten in ½ cup cream or consommé. Stuff turkey as with any other stuffing.

☆ A much needed educational institution has been started this year.

It's a Santa Claus school. Under the tutelage of a veteran, student Santas have been taking a six-weeks course, learning how to wear their beards and costumes, how to talk to children, how to conduct themselves generally in the Santa Claus tradition. I hope all the graduates get good jobs.

Because there certainly has been some terrible Santa Clausing around big-store toy departments in the past!

☆ *Two Christmas books for constructive youngsters:* This Is the Way We Build a House. Text and photographs by Creighton Peet. (Published by Henry Holt & Co. $2.) . . . The Doll House Book, by Helen Dean Fish. Drawings by Hilda Richman. (The Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.)

MURDER OVER BROOKLYN

Crime meets a fighting Irishman

By

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

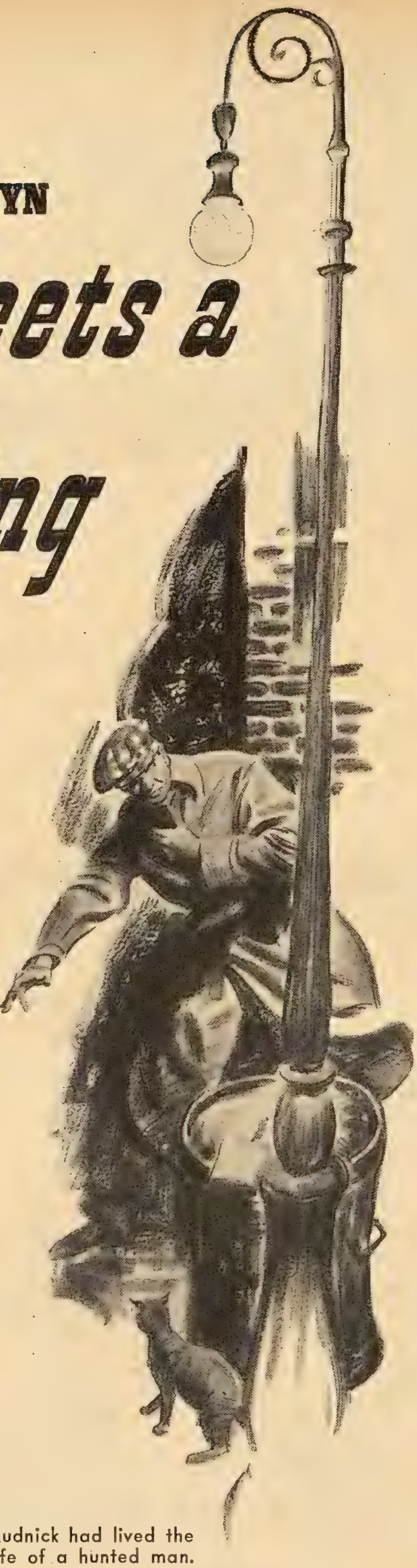
READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

The all but incredible death-dealing organization now known as Murder, Inc., has been—as appeared in Liberty last week—the disciplinary branch of a nation-wide crime syndicate. Toward the end of the prohibition era, big shots of assorted criminal enterprises met in New York City to plan for the future. As directors of their so-called Combination, they are believed to have elected Al Capone, Lucky Luciano, Dutch Schultz, Johnny Torrio, and "Lepke" Buchalter. By 1935 crime was a thoroughly systematized and charted industry, and the Combination was muscling in on legitimate businesses.

To enforce co-operation and "kick-in," and to silence potential squealers, a police-force-and-firing-squad was needed. In the underworld of Brooklyn, "City of Homes," were bands of specialists in terrorization and murder. These the Combination proceeded to organize. Once in its service, a Brooklyn thug might kill only on its order, which must be obeyed with no questions asked. Obedience and efficiency were rewarded with as much as $150 to $200 a week. Not all of the victims were underworld characters; one, for example, was a respected clothing manufacturer.

No fewer than eighty-four killings have been traced to those branches of Murder, Inc., in which "Happy" Maione, "Dasher" Abbandando, Vito Gurino, "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss, and "Buggsy" Goldstein were conspicuously active. Last week Mr. Collins pictured the first-named three of these, with two rank-and-file thugs, in one of their hours of recreation—criminally assaulting an innocent girl of seventeen, and then debating whether to hush her by murder or to "buy" her of her hapless mother. At the time when that sort of thing was going on unpunished, the Combination had never heard of its Nemesis, Bill O'Dwyer.

PART TWO—THE END OF A MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH



Rudnick had lived the life of a hunted man.

JANUARY 1, 1940.

When the definitive history of American law enforcement is finally written, this date and two others may lead all the rest.

There was the day fate caught up with John Dillinger outside a Chicago motion-picture theater.

There was the day Sing Sing's heavy doors closed on James J. Hines.

And now there is the day when Murder, Inc., met the man who was to destroy it.

But when the newly elected District Attorney of Kings County walked into his great bare office in the Municipal Building behind Brooklyn's Borough Hall, he little knew that he was about to come to grips with a syndicate of death.

Murders there had been in Brooklyn. That he knew. More murders, surely, than even a borough of three million souls should carry on its official conscience. Everybody in Brooklyn knew that, and knew also, if he stopped to think, that not enough had been done either to solve the murders that had been committed or to prevent others from following in their bloody trail.

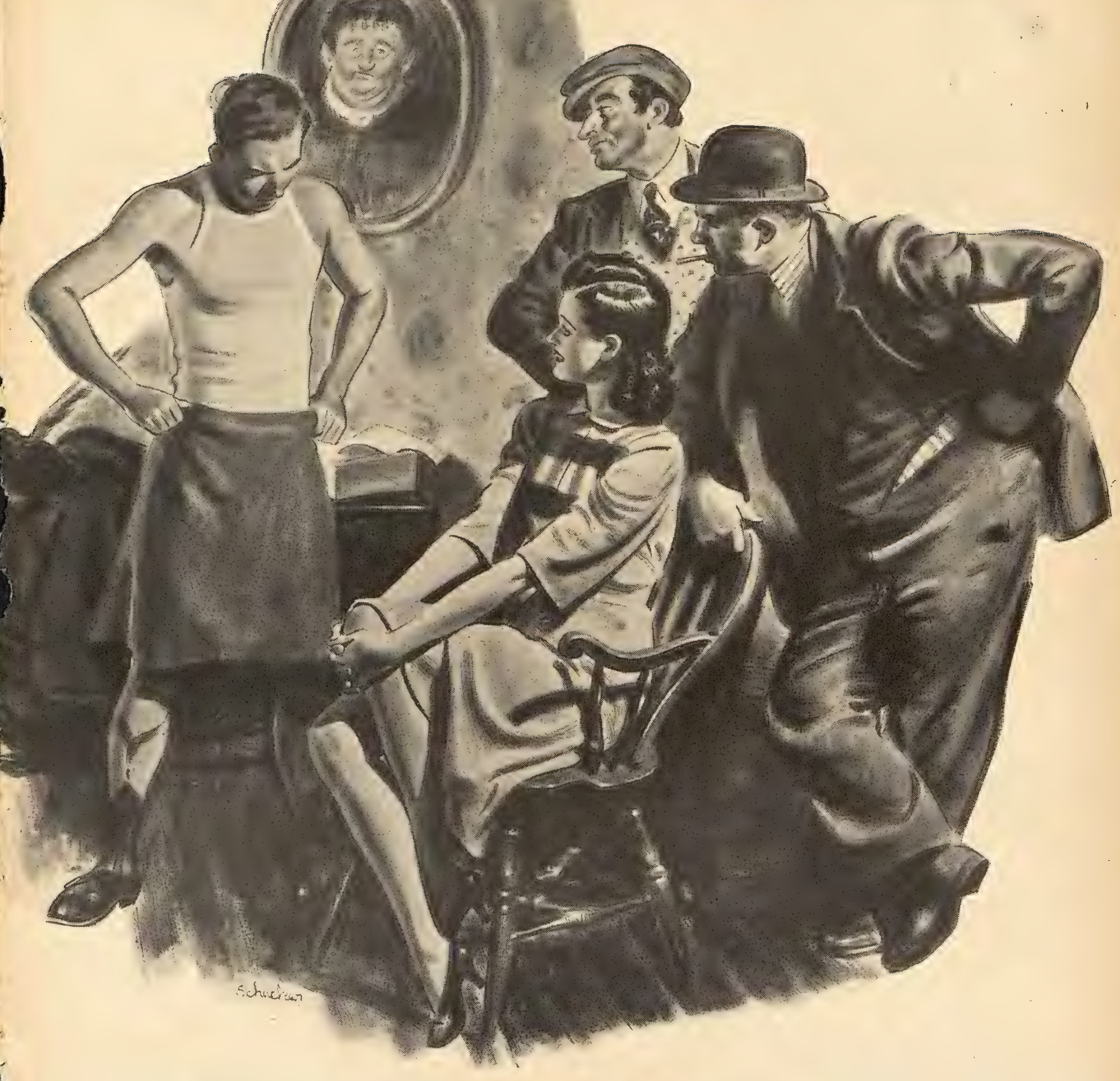
But even Bill O'Dwyer, whose career had provided him with a foreknowledge of criminal conditions seldom found among elected public prosecutors, did not know that many of these brutal killings—almost all of the unsolved ones—had been murders for hire, committed by a nation-wide organization which existed solely for this purpose. If anybody had told him that this was so on the fateful day when he took office, he would not have believed it. There is some question even now whether the law-abiding readers of these pages, until they see spread out before them the incredible deeds of these dealers in death, will believe that such things could be.

So come along to the corner of Atlantic Avenue and Eastern Parkway, the headquarters of the Maione mob.

We have already had a brief glimpse of Happy Maione and his side-kick, Dasher Abbandando, of Murder, Inc. It won't do any harm to take another and a longer look. When we saw them before, they were merely criminally assaulting an innocent girl—they and three other thugs—and buying the girl from her mother to avoid a stink. Now we see them at work, murdering.

The intersection of Atlantic Avenue and Eastern Parkway, which isn't a parkway at all, looks like hundreds of others in the great flat stretches between downtown Brooklyn and Jamaica Bay—a meeting of two broad bare thoroughfares lined on either side with small shops and tenements, filling stations, garages, low-priced picture theaters and cafés.

On one corner is a tailor shop. When one of the wanted men in the Murder, Inc., investigation became a fugitive from justice, he left his wardrobe in this shop. The suits are there now—nineteen of them—expensive suits, beautifully tailored. The owner of this elegant wardrobe was a minor figure named Gesuele Capone, no relation to Scarface Al, but brother to another Capone, "mystery man of Murder, Inc.," who, as we shall see, wielded more power than Al Capone ever dreamed of wielding.



Maione arrayed himself in a white blouse, a very short black skirt, a black hat with a feather in it.

Across one street from this corner tailor shop is an innocent-looking candy store known as Pep's. The Murder, Inc., boys liked candy stores and florist shops. Breathing the fragrance of sweets and flowers, they seemed best able to plot their crimes. Pep's was a favorite hangout of the Maione mob.

Across the other street from the tailor shop was Sally's Bar and Grill. The suggestion of feminine proprietorship is misleading. The place is kept by one Salvatore. This too, at eating and drinking times, was a hangout of the gang.

Next to Sally's is a garage, of which more later; and opposite the garage, back on the tailor-shop side of the street, is a tenement house in which, on the evening of May 24, 1937, the grandmother of Happy Maione lay dying.

The startling story of one man's fight with the Syndicate of Death

Crowded into the modest rooms of Grandmother Maione's home were all of her large family of sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters — all except Happy, who was across the street in the garage waiting to kill a man named George Rudnick.

Along about midnight, with a shriek so piercing that it was plainly heard by the killer in the garage, Grandmother Maione breathed her last. Happy gave no sign. But for hours his brothers and sisters and the other Maiones remained in the little tenement wailing their grief. When at last, about four thirty in the morning, they said their tearful good-bys on the sidewalk outside the house, Happy Maione, in the garage across the street, was closing in for the kill. . . .

In the spring of 1937, when these two strangely dissimilar deaths occurred, Tom Dewey, as special prosecutor of organized crime, was spreading wholesome fear throughout the underworld of Brooklyn's neighboring Borough of Manhattan. The name of Louis " Lepke " Buchalter, major labor racketeer known to have been active in strong-arming both workers and employers in the clothing and other industries, was beginning to be whispered. Dewey was after Lepke, the underworld knew—and many members of that world were running to Dewey's office to "sing," in the hope of saving their own necks.

A small-time gangster suspected of squealing in this manner, and of subsequent stool-pigeoning in exchange for doses of morphine, was this George Rudnick. That was why Happy Maione and another Murder, Inc., executive, Harry "Pittsburgh Phil" Strauss were waiting in the garage across the street the night Happy's grandmother died, while Dasher Abbandando and another gangster cruised the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, Rudnick's favorite habitat, charged with the job of bringing in the victim.

"This punk is a stoolie," said Strauss in explaining the "contract," as the killing assignments were called. "After we've knocked him off, we'll put a note in his coat pocket. It'll say he gave information to Dewey. It'll be a warning to other punks, and it'll be a favor to Lep."

BIG Manhattan racketeers had long had reason to know that the Brooklyn branch of Murder, Inc., could be depended upon for this sort of work. They were even familiar with the work of these particular murderers. They had learned about them the hard way.

When Dan Meehan, Legs Diamond's aide, suddenly disappeared after trying to muscle in on the policy game controlled by the Brownsville crowd (as one of the "privileges" granted Murder, Inc., operatives of proved worth), they realized that the Brooklyn killers were more useful in their employ than in the other fellow's.

Meehan, used to the ways of Manhattan, where, in spite of the best efforts of would-be dictators like Waxey Gordon and Owney Madden and Dutch Schultz, gangsters were still pretty much each man for himself, had made the mistake of propositioning Maione to assist him in muscling in on the latter's co-workers. Happy listened attentively, made a second appointment with the young man from Manhattan, then consulted his chiefs. At the next meeting—which took place, if memory serves, in a candy shop—Happy brought Pittsburgh Phil and the Dasher along with him. Dan Meehan was promptly rubbed out.

Since then, whether the assignment was to knock off a Brooklyn cokie like George Rudnick, or some honest manufacturer like Guido Ferreri, or some recalcitrant members of a plasterers' union like the cellar dwellers Lattaro and Siciliano, the Manhattan big shots gave their contracts to Brooklyn's own mother branch of Murder, Inc.

It was in the execution of one such contract, the one to get the coke addict, George Rudnick, that Dasher Abbandando cruised about Brownsville until, along about four in the morning of the 25th, he located his man.

For weeks Rudnick had known that the word had gone out, reportedly from Lepke himself, that he must be wiped out, and he had lived the life of a hunted man. Only late at night, when hunger for the coke drove him out for new supplies, did he venture forth from a hide-out unknown even to the Maione gang. Then he would skulk along the streets in the shadow of protecting buildings, ready at the approach of a pedestrian or a car to scuttle into a dark doorway or areaway until the danger passed.

That is what he was doing along Saratoga Avenue near Livonia—another corner which looms large in the history of Murder, Inc.—when fate and Dasher Abbandando and another fellow caught up with him in an inconspicuous brown sedan. The man with Abbandando spotted him first. The Dasher couldn't believe his luck. Then he recognized the crouching, scuttling little figure.

The two gangsters drew their guns. With a leap, the brown sedan closed in. Rudnick, having lived in fear of death every day of the two months since he had heard that his number was up, submitted without a struggle, crawled into the car, rode with Abbandando to the scene of his execution.

The other gangster followed more leisurely in another car. It wasn't part of his contract this time to be in at the death.

When the Dasher's sedan rolled into the pitch-dark garage, Happy and Pittsburgh Phil were waiting for their victim. Abbandando, more muscular than the other little men, dragged Rudnick from the car. (They are almost all little fellows in this story of modern syndicated crime, as unlike the traditional picture of underworld thugs as any one could well imagine.) Rudnick was too weak from fear to stand on his feet. But the Dasher played safe. He strangled him slightly with a rope, then pinned him to the floor while Pittsburgh Phil, an expert with the weapon, toyed lightly with an ice pick. . . .

Well, ladies and gentlemen of the twentieth century, you have seen at work and at play some of these little men of the night, your neighbors and mine: murderers for hire, if some racketeer had paid them for it, of you or me or our next of kin.

Now let's take a brief look at the man with whom, beginning January 1, 1940, they had to deal—the man who had been a stevedore, a hod carrier, and a cop, a lawyer, a magistrate, and a county judge—the man who was destined to regenerate Brooklyn.

BILL O'DWYER is a vigorous, erect, well proportioned man of fifty who looks a young forty-five. He has a square jaw, a large firm mouth, a long upper lip, and a fighting nose. Under heavy arched eyebrows his blue Irish eyes, normally filled with warmth and compassion, turn on occasion into the color and quality of steel. His forehead is high and broad, his hair black, thick, and utterly uncontrollable. His smile comes not too often but like the morn.

When he arrives at his office he looks immaculately neat. His wife, the former Kitty Lenihan, sees to that with the help of Mike Carnicelli, the corner barber who has been shaving Bill's bristly beard every weekday for the past ten years. But by ten o'clock he has his coat off, his vest unbuttoned. By noon—he never eats unless somebody shoves a sandwich at him while he works—his tie is off, his shirt unbuttoned at the neck. By two o'clock off goes the vest, and the judge's voice, which can be heard plenty when he wants it to be, is shouting to his secretary:

"Where's that old blue sweater, Frank?"

Now he is really ready for the work of the day, which usually lasts until one or two in the morning. Police assigned to accompany the judge work in three shifts of eight hours each! During all this time he practically never sits down at his desk; he stands back on his heels like a cop.

When one of his men comes in to report, he receives him standing thus, his bright clear eyes revealing a mind which is running far ahead of his assistants' pedestrian explainings, his lips moving in

'ROO by George W. Vos

expressive pantomime, his arms gesturing as if in answer. The effect is that of a stage in a Hollywood studio during the silent movie days, when the old-style stage-trained actors spoke out loud and the new-style picture-trained actors merely moved their lips.

When at last he really speaks, he chooses his words carefully but quickly, speaks quietly but distinctly and with an assurance which is quite different from his modesty in talking of himself or his aims. He is, above all things, a man of action.

But until he was conscripted for the office of District Attorney—"conscripted" is the word, for he gave up a fourteen-year tenure of judgeship at $25,000 a year for a four-year term as District Attorney at $20,000 a year—Judge O'Dwyer had always seemed more interested in keeping people, especially young people, from going wrong than in punishing them for doing so.

THIS seemingly academic attitude may have confused some well meaning citizens. It may even have confused some not so well meaning politicians, who did not know that the kindly, considerate judge not only loathed the gangster and the gunman but had more reason even than the rest of us for that loathing.

They did not know—or had forgotten—a tragedy which occurred in another Brooklyn café on another early Sunday morning back in January, 1934. No tinseled nitery this, with dancing girls in the ring and career murderers on the ringside seats, but a modest little restaurant at 55 Fourth Avenue in downtown Brooklyn, frequented after midnight chiefly by neighborhood night workers and policemen going off duty.

In the café, on the morning in question, were some fifteen customers, including Detective William Donnell and a broad-shouldered young friend who had dropped in together for a snack. Presently into this peaceful scene strode four gunmen with revolvers drawn.

"Stick 'em up!" they barked.

Bill Donnell was off duty but he was a cop. Instinctively his hand went to his gun. The gangsters opened fire, all four of them. The bullets missed Donnell, but two of them got his young friend in the middle of his broad back. Johnny O'Dwyer dropped to the floor. Two weeks later he died of his wounds. He was the beloved younger brother of the judge.

That wasn't all. Only the previous summer, the judge had gone back to Ireland to see his widowed mother. It was his first visit to the old home since he had been elevated to the bench. He had found his mother, in her middle sixties, vigorous and full of happiness. But now, since the news of her son Johnny's death had reached her, she had wilted, sickened, and died.

The hoodlums who brought this double tragedy into Judge O'Dwyer's immediate family were not members of the murder-for-profit organization with which he is now at grips. They were merely small-time stick-up men. There is, therefore, no element of personal revenge in the judge's present conflict with the murder mob. Moreover, voluble Irishman though he is on almost every subject from the Spanish Inquisition to his early days as a sailor on the Spanish Main, he has seldom mentioned his personal grief, even to intimate friends.

But Bill O'Dwyer is human, intensely human. It is inconceivable that he didn't think at least a little bit of Johnny and Mother O'Dwyer when, in his very first month as District Attorney, he found himself face to face with the greatest aggregation of gunmen and racketeers in the history of crime.

It would be nice if we could stay longer with Bill O'Dwyer at this time. He is much better company for honest folk than Happy Maione and Dasher Abbandando and Pittsburgh Phil. But we must postpone our study of what he did about and to these despicable killers until we have found out how they finished what they were doing about and to George Rudnick on the floor of that garage.

You will recall that Abbandando had the poor frightened little man pinned to the floor, after having taken the precaution to strangle him partially with a rope, and that Pittsburgh Phil was standing over him with an ice pick. Well, Phil did his usual expert and thorough job with the pick. He stabbed the helpless victim fifty-four separate times.

Then the three of them took the mangled body, jerked its head to its feet, and tied both ends together with the strangling rope into a jackknife position. But as they were about to throw the body into the murder car, it made an oozing sound which they interpreted as a cough.

"The bum ain't dead yet," said Happy Maione, and finished him off with a meat cleaver.

The cleft at the base of the brain bled profusely. The floor did with a good deal of mopping up. After all, there was no use leaving that garage in a mess. They might want to use it again. Then Pittsburgh Phil produced his literary masterpiece, the note which would be "a favor to Lep."

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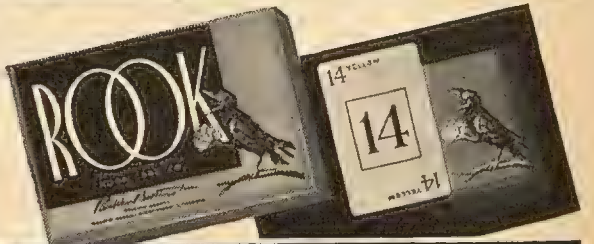

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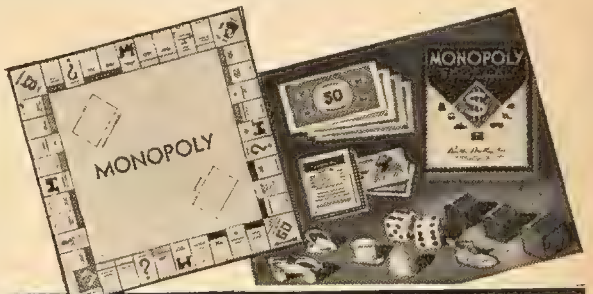

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GENUINE FILTERS FOR MEDICO PIPES PACKED ONLY IN THIS RED & BLACK BOX

There had been a bit of trouble about the note. First a typewriter had to be stolen. The one they secured had a broken ribbon; none of the gang knew how to feed it back on the reel. Then there was the spelling of the word *friend*, with which it seemed appropriate to address the man they were about to kill: none of them knew how to manage that, either.

But executives of Murder, Inc., were not to be balked by difficulties like these. One mobster held the ribbon with his fingers while Pittsburgh Phil, who had held out all along for the spelling "f-r-e-i-n-d," fingered out the following:

> Freind George, will you please meet me in Ny some day in reference to what you told me last week. Also I will have that certain powder that I promised you last time I seen you. PS I hope you found this in your letter-box sealed.
>
> I remain
>
> Your freind "you know who from Dewey's office."

TUCKING this into the dead man's coat pocket, they tossed the body into the getaway car, which they had had "Duke" Maffetori and "Pretty" Levene, two youths, steal for their use. Angelo Catalano, another youthful gangster, then drove the car on Maione's instructions to a quiet residential street, Jefferson Avenue, and there abandoned it and its cargo. Maione and the others followed in a smaller car to see that he did as he was told. Then, having earned their salary by a good night's work, all the boys went home for their usual daytime sleep.

Many of the killings of Murder, Inc., were accomplished, as this one was, by a technique which would have been considered crude enough by the highwaymen of the much abused prohibition era. In fact, when one compares that ghastly age with the one in which—until Bill O'Dwyer's coming — the Happy Maiones and Dasher Abbandandos operated as paid operatives of a commercially organized murder syndicate, one is inclined to view it almost as one does the age of chivalry. Legs Diamond and Frankie Yale and John Dillinger and the Barker boys seem like Robin Hoods compared with these cash-and-carry killers of Murder, Inc.

Members of the syndicate, however, did not confine their technique exclusively to strangling ropes, ice picks, and meat cleavers. Sometimes, as we shall see when we come to the "Puggy" Feinstein case, they used torches. And when the need arose they used guns.

A gun was the weapon in the Ferreri murder case—a case which was marked "unsolved" in the police files, but of which we shall speak fully in due course.

And several guns figured in the other murder already mentioned, the rubbing out of two Italians, Caesar Lattaro and Tony Siciliano, members of a plasterers' union which the boss racketeers of the Combination were trying to take over for their personal profit.

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ DIPLOMATICALLY SPEAKING, by Lloyd C. Griscom. Little, Brown & Co.

A persuasive and stimulating account of life in America and Europe at the turn of the century, and of international scenes and events before the World War. The account of British-American relations during that war makes us think.

The racketeers had been working on these two young men for some time in an effort to get them to assist them in scuttling the union. But Lattaro and Siciliano, when it came to the proposition of killing a fellow union member who stood in the Combination's way, became annoyingly unco-operative.

Then, since they knew too much, word went out from headquarters, as it had in George Rudnick's case, that they could no longer live, and Happy Maione was given the contract for their execution.

The case presented difficulties which at first stumped even Maione and his henchmen, in this instance the ubiquitous Dasher and Vito Gurino, the fat ape whose acquaintance we have already made in connection with the raping of the seventeen-year-old night-club dancer. The two young plasterers lived together in a basement to which there was no access except from the open street, and they owned a police dog which remained with them constantly and warned them of every approaching footstep on the sidewalk.

Obviously guile must be used in the trapping of these victims. So Happy Maione, whose frail physique was well adapted to the ruse, arrayed himself in a white blouse, a very short black skirt, a black hat with a red feather in it, and a luxurious mink coat. Then he paraded up and down above the two young plasterers' basement window until their hot Latin blood just couldn't stand it any longer, and they invited the charmer in to see their etchings.

Once his dainty foot was within the open doorway, Maione let go with a sawed-off rifle concealed beneath the mink coat; Dasher Abbandando, conveniently posted near by, finished the job with a pistol; and fat Gurino shot the dead men's dog.

The case we have just discussed was one of the minor operations of Murder, Inc., one of several killings engineered in this one union war. The deaths of the two young men were important only to themselves and their families and friends. They, too, were minor figures in the battle for control of this one union.

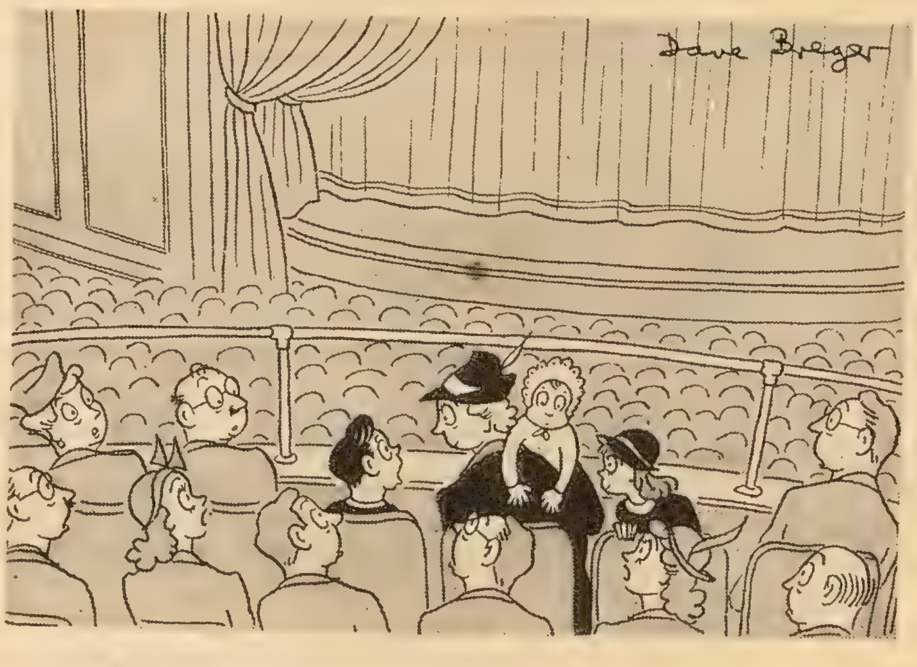
But the case *is* important in any attempt to understand the activities of Murder, Inc., because it leads us directly into a field which provides one of the most bizarre chapters in the story of this syndicate of death, the field of labor-union racketeering.

The Ferreri case, in which a well known manufacturer was killed following a labor dispute, may prove to be the prime example of the murder syndicate's operations in this field.

BUT to understand the Ferreri case, to get a background which will show that it was part of a concerted campaign of labor-racketeering intimidation of both employer and employee, it will be well to look first into the activities of big Al Anastasia, head of the water-front branch of Murder, Inc., and his assistants, Joseph Florina and Tony Spring.

This is the story of crime along Brooklyn's maritime fringe—where Bill O'Dwyer, as a cop, used to patrol a lonely midnight beat—and it begins with the mysterious disappearance of Peter Panto, champion of the labor rank and file!

Big Al Anastasia! Not the blood-smeared human gorilla that this moniker of his, as a water-front murder boss's, sounds like, but a smooth, smartly dressed sporting character in New York City's race-track set! How came young Peter Panto to disappear—and how did his disappearance open Bill O'Dwyer's eyes to the existence of the murder syndicate and to Anastasia's rank in it? You'll find the facts in Liberty next week!



"Mama, what's that red sign on our door for—the one that says 'Quarantine'?"

Newspaper Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

By BIDE DUDLEY

Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct ......Excellent
30 Correct ....Good
25 Correct ....Fair
20 Correct ....Passing
Under 20 ....Failing

1—What New York newspaper owns a Broadway theater?

2—Does the make-up editor of a newspaper conduct a beauty column?

3—What is a newspaper's morgue?

4—Name, if you can, a team of Western newspaper proprietors who owned and operated a circus.

5—What Kansas newspaper owner is a United States senator?

6—What noted humorist worked as a rewrite man on the New York Evening World?

7—To what sort of writer on a newspaper is the term "sob sister" applied?

8—He is a famous newspaper columnist now, but once he was a vaudeville dancer. Name, please!

9—What two well known newspapermen are on one of radio's most popular programs?

10—A wealthy Eastern proprietor of newspapers recently went to jail on an income-tax-evasion conviction. Who is he?

11—What famous newspaper editor sprang into wide acclaim when he wrote the treatise entitled, What's the Matter with Kansas?

12—Which of the New York daily newspapers prints the little editorial Is There a Santa Claus? each year just before Christmas?

13—Is the name Pulitzer still associated with newspaper publishing?

14—What owner of a chain of newspapers sought the Republican Presidential nomination this year?

15—What is the dogwatch on a daily newspaper?

16—Who is the newspaperman, now a film writer in Hollywood, who wrote Timberline and other novels?

17—What important daily newspaper is conducted under the auspices of a religious denomination?

18—Who was the famous short-story writer who began his literary career in prison and was developed, after he got out, by the New York World?

19—What noted city editor of a New York newspaper murdered his wife and spent the rest of his life in Sing Sing prison?

20—Who bought and closed up at least five big newspapers in New York and other Eastern cities?

21—Who is the columnist whose writings occupy the space in some of the Hearst papers formerly allotted to Arthur Brisbane?

22—Name the American humorist, developed through newspaper writing, who is retired and living on his Indiana farm.

23—What noted American actor was once a newspaper cartoonist?

24—When Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan became a United States senator, he controlled a newspaper in his home state. Which one?

25—What was P. T. Barnum's famous remark made to the newspaper reporters?

26—Two great newspapermen spent their last years on their yachts cruising the seven seas. Can you name them?

27—Where was the late O. O. McIntyre, newspaper columnist, born? Brought up?

28—Is the Associated Press, which supplies news to many newspapers, a profit-making organization?

29—What young woman gossip columnist, currently syndicated, married an actor about six months ago?

30—Can you recall the name of the newspaperwoman who made a record-breaking trip around the world years ago?

31—What Chicago newspaper revolutionized ideas about the front page when it used every inch of that page to print the names of the dead in the Iroquois Theater fire?

32—What representative of an Omaha newspaper went to a Democratic convention as a delegate as well as a writer, and came away with the Presidential nomination?

33—What organization, connected with the publication of newspapers in New York, is known as Big Six?

34—Can you recall the name of the downtown section in New York where most of the New York newspapers used to be published?

35—What is the bulldog edition of a newspaper?

36—What Missouri Valley city claims that Eugene Field, poet-newspaperman, got his real start as a writer on one of its papers?

37—Were the so-called "yellow journals" of twenty-five years ago ever printed in yellow ink?

38—A prominent Broadway theatrical producer once worked as a reporter on the Emporia (Kansas) Gazette. Who is he?

39—What is the slot in a newspaper's city room?

40—What former army officer is now a newspaper columnist?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

STOP, LOOK, DON'T LISTEN!

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

WHEN all is said and done, there are not many things in the theater or motion pictures that can beat the box-office value of good-looking women, and if they have sex appeal to boot, you can pretty well dust off the S. R. O. sign. It is as true today, moreover, as it was yesterday. People didn't go to hear Lillian Russell sing or to watch her act, because there were dozens of women who could sing or act twenty times better; they went to look at her. Nor do people go in these later days to see Hedy Lamarr because of any tremendous histrionic virtuosity; they go to get a kick out of her beauty. It has often been that way and it will probably continue to be that way so long as men are constituted as they are.

A pretty girl may, in Irving Berlin's song, be like a melody, but for every fellow who yells, "For heaven's sake, sing!" there are a hundred who are perfectly satisfied just quietly to look and permit their imaginations either a celestial or an exotic flight. And the entrepreneurs who appreciate the fact and cater to it usually wear diamonds. George Lederer's bank account was thus largely the result of such sweetmeats as Belva Don Kersley, Virginia Earle, Edna Wallace, Mabelle Gilman, Lotta Faust, Polly Chase, Christine Blessing, Viola Carlstedt, Nina Randall, Irene Bishop, Edna May, and Vashti Earle, among others. Florenz Ziegfeld's fame and collateral were generated by Lillian Lorraine, Martha Mansfield, Marion Davies, Justine Johnstone, Gladys Glad, and a couple of dozen other such lulus. Earl Carroll's "Through these portals pass the most beautiful girls in the world," whatever debate there may have been on the superlative, filled his theater season after season. A thousand men will go to see Ann Sheridan on the screen for one who will gallop hot-foot to enjoy the art of Mme. Ouspenskaya.

Without looks, Maxine Elliott, who couldn't act for plugged nickels, would have played to houses peopled only by the ushers and a sour press agent. And much the same with a lot of other such delicatessen as Lily Langtry, Lantelme (that eye-walloper), Yvonne Printemps (the French are more honest in the matter than we sometimes are), Elsie Ferguson, and so on. Without looks, furthermore, where would three fourths of the successful movie actresses be today? How far would Barbara La Marr, Alma Rubens, Constance Talmadge, Billie Dove, Mary Miles Minter, and Blanche Sweet have got in the past; just how far would such as Jean Harlow, Mary Astor, and Dolores Del Rio have got a little later; and where today would be Vivien Leigh, Rosalind Russell, Carole Lombard, Merle Oberon, Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard, and other similar lollipops?

All this is by way of getting to two points. Point No. 1 is that the films are presently stenciling the looks of their young women to the box-office danger point, and Point No. 2 is that the stage is rapidly

seizing the lead by pursuing a wiser course. And Point No. 3, if you wish to go on and add it to the point list for extra good measure, is that, accordingly, the theater is today showing the more genuinely good-looking girls, or at least girls who more greatly appeal to the romantic male, and that this fact is proved by the avidity with which the movie people try to grab them if they can. That, true enough, they spoil the stage girls' natural loveliness the moment they get them to Hollywood doesn't alter the fact that it was the natural beauty of the girls on the stage that first fetched and floored them.

I certainly do not mean to say that there are still no good-lookers on the screen. There are. But the great majority of candidates for looks honors are at the first opportunity foolishly and ignorantly put through a beauty mill which turns most of them out looking so much alike that you can hardly distinguish one from another.

It is only the handful who have stubbornly resisted being put through the mill who have retained any real looks worth talking about. After the average young girl out there gets out of the doctoring hands of the studio make-up experts, hairdoers, and dresser-uppers, she looks exactly like the girl who was made over before her, and that girl in turn looked exactly like twenty or thirty who preceded her out of the transformation can.

Some months ago a very pretty young stage actress was corralled by the movies and taken to Hollywood. Her father, a sapient fellow, saw to it, as a precaution, that her contract should specify that they could not change the color of her hair, the shape of her teeth, or anything else of the sort that Hollywood customarily and arbitrarily does. As a result, she made a ten times greater romantic impression on the screen than the half dozen girls who had gone out at approximately the same time and had had their looks monkeyed with by the pulchritude professors. Her name, for the record, is Gene Tierney. Incidentally, her father also stipulated in the contract that they couldn't change her name. It was thus an additional relief to get a good, plain, simple Gene Tierney instead of something like Gloria Tremaine or Graciosa Tuileries.

A critic gives thought to beauty . . and what Hollywood does to it!

In the preparation of this article I bought eight different movie magazines, and I swear on a stack of Bibles I had to read and reread the names of at least fifteen of the newer and younger screen actresses to make sure they were not all one and the same girl. They had all been manufactured with the same hair dye, hair-do, china teeth, shaved eyebrows, false eyelashes, grins, and swim suits, until the net impression was like seeing the same girl reflected fifteen times in one of those many-sided Crystal Palace mirrors.

This is another reason why I, like many others, have a difficult time of it when I venture to go to the movies. Very often, in the case of the run-of-the-mill pictures, it is all I can do to get the characters straightened out halfway well enough to get the hang of the plot. I have now got to the point where I can faintly distinguish between the hero with the little mustache and the villain with the little mustache—even between the both of them and the latter's younger henchmen with the little mustaches—but doggone me and bust my galluses if I can tell the ingénue from her maid or the maid from the ingénue's girl friends, or often, for that matter, any of them from the leading lady. So after the first twenty minutes I usually conclude that maybe I've had too many drinks, give it up as a bad job, and go around the corner to a newsreel in which, anyway, there is no mistaking Hitler for Winston Churchill or Mrs. Roosevelt for Brenda Frazier.

NOR is this, as intimated, true mainly of the newer and younger film girls. Now that the already more than sufficiently beautiful Joan Bennett has been metamorphosed from blonde to brunette to look like Hedy Lamarr, now that you've got to look twice to make certain whether it is Madeleine Carroll, Ilona Massey, or Alice Faye in Warner Baxter's, Ronald Colman's, or Don Ameche's boudoir, and now that you go crazy trying to figure out whether you aren't in a theater looking at some picture star playing in another, the situation is even more confusing.

Under the circumstances, it is a relief to go to the theater, where you can at least be certain that the girl you are looking at is the one you think you are looking at. Whatever the quality of the play or show, it is a big satisfaction not to be all balled up in distinguishing such a pretty girl as Helen Trenholme from such another pretty one as Marcy Wescott, or such a looker as Adele Longmire, Carol Bruce, or Sylvia Weld from such another as Katherine Wiman, Julie Stevens, or Grace McDonald, even though, alas, the latter's brief excursion to Hollywood contrived to change her lovely natural brown hair to a Hollywood yellow.

Reflect what Hollywood has done to young women's natural loveliness. It altered Frances Langford's beautiful dark hair to a pinkish auburn, which is no more suited to her dark complexion than a red necktie would suit a fellow with a carrot-top. It let the resolutely independent Hepburn alone, *Dei gratia*, but it took its toll of Ginger Rogers by dyeing her hair black, of Nancy Kelly by modeling her into a bogus facial sophistication, of Claudette Colbert by hennaing her bean, of the already wholly ornamental Vivien Leigh, believe it or not, by unnecessarily painting an underlip on her, of Patricia Morison by too greatly reducing her, and of Jane Wyman by putting artificial eyelashes on her long enough to serve as whisk-brooms. It further so enameled Jean Arthur that it robbed her of most of her natural expression, sex-appealed Mary Martin entirely out of character, and removed all the original fresh rustic beauty of Virginia Bruce and substituted for it the aspect of a synthetic Gaiety girl. It still further short-bobbed Sylvia Sidney's attractive long dark brown hair, so intensified Adrienne Ames' naturally exotic look that the poor girl could hardly recognize herself in a mirror, padded the beautifully slim and appealing Loretta Young with idiotic semi-maternal bosoms, and asininely put grease-paint wrinkles on Marsha Hunt's lovely young face so that she would look old enough to be stuck into old-women character parts.

One might go on endlessly. There is, for example, Karen Morley, a promising screen actress, who was kiboshed by being made over to approximate the look of Garbo. There is Ida Lupino, who was almost wrecked as an actress by being altered to resemble Toby Wing and Betty Grable, naturally of a wholly different type, and who made a hit and got back some position only after she finally put her foot down and said no more of such make-up and hair-dyeing nonsense. There is the case of Jean Harlow's young stand-in who, after Miss Harlow died, was used to finish the picture on which the star was working and who had some time before been made over to look so much like her that nobody could tell the difference, not even some of the executives who had equipped themselves with binoculars.

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ON THE AIR for Liberty

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*See local paper for time and station.

And there are at the moment three or four girls who have been given the moniker Brenda whom you can't tell apart even with help of a squad of Pinkerton detectives and the girls' parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and old mammies. Then, too, there is the former stage girl, Harriette Lake, whom Hollywood has metamorphosed into a creature named Ann Sothern and who looks no more like the original, natural, and engaging Harriette than I look like Groucho Marx, or maybe I should say Ben Turpin.

It is the great asset of the stage that a pretty young actress may make herself up in the manner which she correctly thinks and knows to be most suitable to her, and not have to trust her share of beauty to so-called experts whose expertness seemingly consists in reducing all pretty girls to a common denominator, calculated to drive discriminating men to drink, celibacy, or some place like Sandusky, Ohio, where whatever the girls may look like they at least all look different.

The theater, unlike the screen, wouldn't for a minute think of taking an attractive dark young Latin actress like, say, Rita Hayworth (née Cansino), putting a scarlet wig on her, and casting her to match the title of something called Strawberry Blonde. Nor would it, even at its dumbest, think of trying to make one of its newer and younger actresses look exactly like Katharine Cornell, or Helen Hayes, or Lynn Fontanne. Were it to do so, it appreciates, as the movies do not, that not only would it ruin the young actress in question but make her in addition a laughing-stock, and—in double addition—slam the door on the box office. One of the biggest remaining virtues of the dramatic stage is that all the women on it don't look exactly like either Joan Crawford or Carole Lombard.

THE END

40 ANSWERS

by Bide Dudley to his questions on page 45

1—The New York Times. The theater is the Little, on Forty-fourth Street.

2—No. He supervises the placing of news and advertising in the newspaper's forms.

3—A place where records of events and persons are kept on file.

4—Fred G. Bonfils and Harry Tammen. It was the Sells-Floto Circus.

5—Arthur Capper.

6—Irvin S. Cobb.

7—To a woman writer who specializes in emotional material.

8—Walter Winchell.

9—Franklin P. Adams and John Kieran, on Information Please.

10—Moses L. Annenberg.

11—William Allen White.

12—The New York Sun.

13—Yes. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., publishes the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

14—Frank Gannett.

15—The crew that stays on duty after the paper is out, "just in case."

16—Gene Fowler.

17—The Christian Science Monitor of Boston, Massachusetts.

18—O. Henry (William Sydney Porter).

19—Charles E. Chapin of the New York Evening World.

20—Frank Munsey.

21—William Randolph Hearst.

22—George Ade.

23—John Barrymore.

24—The Grand Rapids Herald.

25—"I don't care what you print about me just so you print something."

26—Joseph Pulitzer, Sr., and E. W. Scripps.

27—Born in Plattsburg, Missouri, and brought up in Gallipolis, Ohio.

28—It is a nonprofit, expense-sharing membership organization.

29—Dorothy Kilgallen. She became Mrs. Richard Kollmar.

30—Nellie Bly.

31—The Chicago Tribune.

32—William Jennings Bryan. He was to do special articles for the Omaha World-Herald.

33—The Typographical (Printers') Union.

34—Park Row.

35—An edition gotten out ahead of the regular issues for circulation in places outside the newspaper's immediate territory.

36—St. Joseph, Missouri.

37—No. But they usually had some headlines in red ink.

38—Brock Pemberton, producer of Enter Madame, Strictly Dishonorable, Personal Appearance, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, and other plays.

39—The space in which sits the head of the copy desk who distributes written material to the copyreaders for revision and head-writing.

40—General Hugh S. Johnson.

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE TABARD INN OF HOLLYWOOD

Mine host Al Levy at eighty.

By

FREDERICK LEWIS

Presenting the hero of an unusual battle for fame

LIKE the character in Geoffrey Chaucer's epic poem, The Canterbury Tales, Al Levy is "a good felawe." Just so, his famous tavern on Hollywood's Vine Street is a sort of modern Tabard Inn—only, in Al's case, the pilgrims do not start from there to visit their shrine, but land there, content to regard the tavern itself as shrine enough.

And they land there again and again, for much loved, smiling Al Levy is one of the world's great restaurateurs.

It is fitting that Al, at eighty, should be carrying on in the best tradition of British wayside hospitality, for sixty-four years ago, when he landed in San Francisco on a sailing vessel from his home in Liverpool, and went to work at the famous old Techau Tavern, he was known there as "the little English boy."

The long, long voyage itself had not been so bad—that is, for a sixteen-year-old youngster on adventure bent. And the skipper of the craft was an old schoolmate of Al's father. But leaving the ship on the San Francisco water front, and climbing Telegraph Hill alone, with nothing between him and starvation but the willingness to work and the determination to work, well—that took guts.

Moreover, San Francisco in what Al Levy's devoted daughter Martha calls "the gay days" was no place for a growing boy. But money flowed so fast and freely that even this "errand waiter boy" was able to flag some of it. Before he had been at the Techau a week, he had determined to stay on in America and make his fortune.

Months passed; a year; then Al Levy took the double plunge of matrimony and restaurant proprietorship. In picking his partner for the first venture, he showed the best of judgment; for the second, the worst. Twice he stormed the San Francisco café front, but each time with a partner who failed him utterly.

Then Los Angeles beckoned. It did not have at that time as many restaurants as San Francisco—and in that lack, Al Levy reasoned, lay fortune.

His reasoning was good, but his timing was not. He struck a couple of snags in his first two ventures. It began to look as though, if he hoped to succeed in the City of the Angels, he would have to dig up an angel himself. Mother Levy, who had already brought two children into the world—Martha had not yet been born—was right worried, and she wasn't reassured much when Al came home one day and told her he had invented an oyster cocktail.

He actually thought he could make a living for himself and wife and children out of taking the oyster—which was still to most Los Angeleans of the late '80s a bivalve open not only to speculation but suspicion—and dipping it in vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, salt, two kinds of pepper, and tomato catchup!

Mother Levy's uneasiness was increased upon learning that her spouse had taken his last dollar, after purchasing a day's supply of these ingredients, to rent a cart from which to peddle his new concoction.

But Al was out to prove that the whole world was his oyster, and he did. Under his ministrations, southern California suddenly became oyster-cocktail-conscious. All day he peddled his wares, and in the evening he rained nickels and dimes and quarters into Mother Levy's lap until her savings were big enough to put the Levys back in the restaurant business. And how!

Al's place was the pride of Los Angeles. The brave little man with the genial smile had brought victory out of defeat. And then chiseling politicians put the heat on some of the men who were in with him on the venture. Almost overnight he and his restaurant were wiped out. However, by this time he was well known to the multitude of visitors who crowd into southern California in the winter, and offers began to pour in from all over the country for Mr. Levy to go East, North, South to open a restaurant of the kind he had operated in Los Angeles. But Al decided to stay right there and fight it out.

He opened a tiny little eating spot in an ugly hole in the wall. First thing he knew, members of his old staff began rallying around, willing to work for *him* for a fraction of their former stipends. Old patrons, too, crowded the little place. The man was a bigger success, really, than he had been in the restaurant de luxe. A wise friend recognized that, and built him a most beautiful new restaurant.

This was when the motion-picture industry first discovered Al Levy. The stars made his place their playtime headquarters. Many of them danced and sang in his cabaret. Al was pleased but not overimpressed. He had started as a restaurant man in Los Angeles a good fifteen years before Cecil DeMille rented his Vine Street barn. Today, although as much a part of Hollywood as Leo the Lion, he is still absolutely unawed by Hollywood bigwigs and their glittering boys and girls. The film people are welcome to his tavern, but not one bit more welcome than the members of the old families of Los Angeles itself, or the business and professional people.

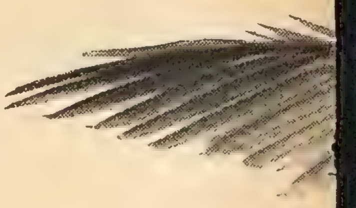
Al's present tavern, his Tabard Inn on Vine Street between Hollywood and Sunset boulevards, has already become a landmark which, to the movie folk, partakes of the antiquity and splendor of Tutankhamen's treasure house—but Tut, going his strongest, could never hope to make a ragout the way Al can!

I had the recipe once. Al took me out into his spotless kitchen to show me how it was made. He wrote down the recipe in a firm script which belied his then approaching eighty years—years in which the little English boy had, by his ingenuity and his courage, become what we like to think is the typical American.

THE END

fu Manchu and the Panama Cana

A breath-taking novel plunges into new depths of strangeness and fear



FROM London, where his agents stole a map of a secret submarine base in the Caribbean, Fu Manchu is pursued by the robbed baronet, Sir Lionel Barton, and his two friends, Nayland Smith, famous sleuth, and Bart Kerrigan, star reporter. The latter also has a powerful personal reason for joining the man hunt—the evil Chinese genius has put Kerrigan's sweetheart, Ardatha, under a spell and taken her with him across the Atlantic. He holds Peko, the cherished marmoset pet of Fu Manchu, as a possible hostage for the unhappy girl. On her part, Ardatha tries to keep him and his two companions informed of the villainous Chinaman's moves.

On the trail in New York, the three pursuers come upon the weird and fatal signs of Fu Manchu's handiwork. The phenomenon of the Snapping Fingers, which drains a victim of his blood, is turned against their American associate, Kennard Wood, secret service operator. Only by the narrowest margin is he saved from death by Nayland Smith and Kerrigan.

Fu Manchu's chief objective is to bottle up the navy of the United States, and Ardatha manages to get word to Kerrigan that her master and she are heading for Panama. Evidently the stolen map is about to be used.

Meanwhile there is held an important conference between the yellow devil's trackers and representatives of the American government. Sir Lionel is in the midst of a fascinating account of Haiti's "King" Christophe—his silver bullet containing the secret-cave map—when a mysterious warning appears on the table! It is from the Council of Seven of the Si Fan—a powerful organization controlled by Fu Manchu. There is no messenger visible in the room, only the sound of padding footsteps!

PART SIX—THE SHRIVELED HEAD

BETTER luck today, Kerrigan," said Nayland Smith.

"Thanks," I replied. "I can do with it."

Cristobal—I was at last in Cristobal (or more exactly in Colón) where I had confidently expected to meet Ardatha again. Yet for two days and the greater part of one night I had combed the towns and their environs without success. I knew that news of her was to be had at the shop of some one whose name began with Z. My quest had led me nowhere.

I sat beside Smith in a cane rocking chair on the terrace of the hotel. An avenue of mastlike coconut palms stretched away before us to the gate. The hotel was crowded. The major languages of Europe were heard.

"Never, in a long government career," said Smith, glancing at a dark-eyed Spanish girl who seemed willing to be talked to, "have I met with so many political agents in any one building."

"How do you explain it?"

"I explained it a long time ago when I mentioned the fact that the Panama Canal has two ends. Kennard Wood, as you know, found indisputable evidence pointing to a plot by a certain Power to close the canal at an opportune moment. We sit on a potential front line, Kerrigan. All the advance units are here."

"And I spend my time looking for Ardatha!"

"Why not? She is a most valuable ally."

"Utterly fantastic, Smith, but true, that her safety, her very existence, may depend on the life of that wretched little animal—"

"The Doctor's marmoset? Yes, Barton says the creature cannot last much longer, unless he can discover something that it will consent to eat. As it is reasonable to suppose that Fu Manchu knows, now, of our capture, what has puzzled me is the Doctor's silence—"

"And our immunity!"

"That is less surprising. I know from experience that a cessation of hostilities usually follows the delivery of a Si Fan ultimatum until the date has expired. We may hope for another week's safety."

"If only I could find that accursed shop!" I exclaimed. "I am beginning to despair."

"Did Ardatha state expressly that Z. was to be found in Cristobal?"

"Why, yes—that is— Smith!" I spoke excitedly. "I believe I have been wasting precious time! She said that they were setting out for Cristobal, but then added, 'When you reach the Panama Canal!'" I now recalled her exact words.

"That's it!" snapped Smith, standing up. "Panama! Barton and I have our hands full, as you know; but in any case this is a job you can do better alone. I will notify the Zone police. An officer will meet you. The sooner you start the better, Kerrigan. I suspect that Z. is in Panama . . ."

Indeed, I required no urging; ten minutes later I was on my way. Storage tanks and other anachronisms left behind, my journey swept me straight into the jungle, through dense shadows of tropical foliage.

Sergeant Abdy of the Zone police met me: a man from the Middle West, but leather-skinned and truculent as any that followed Morgan in the days of the Gold Road.

"All the stores with phone numbers have been checked up, Mr. Kerrigan. I guess there's not much news for you."

My heart fell.

"You mean there are no names beginning with Z?"

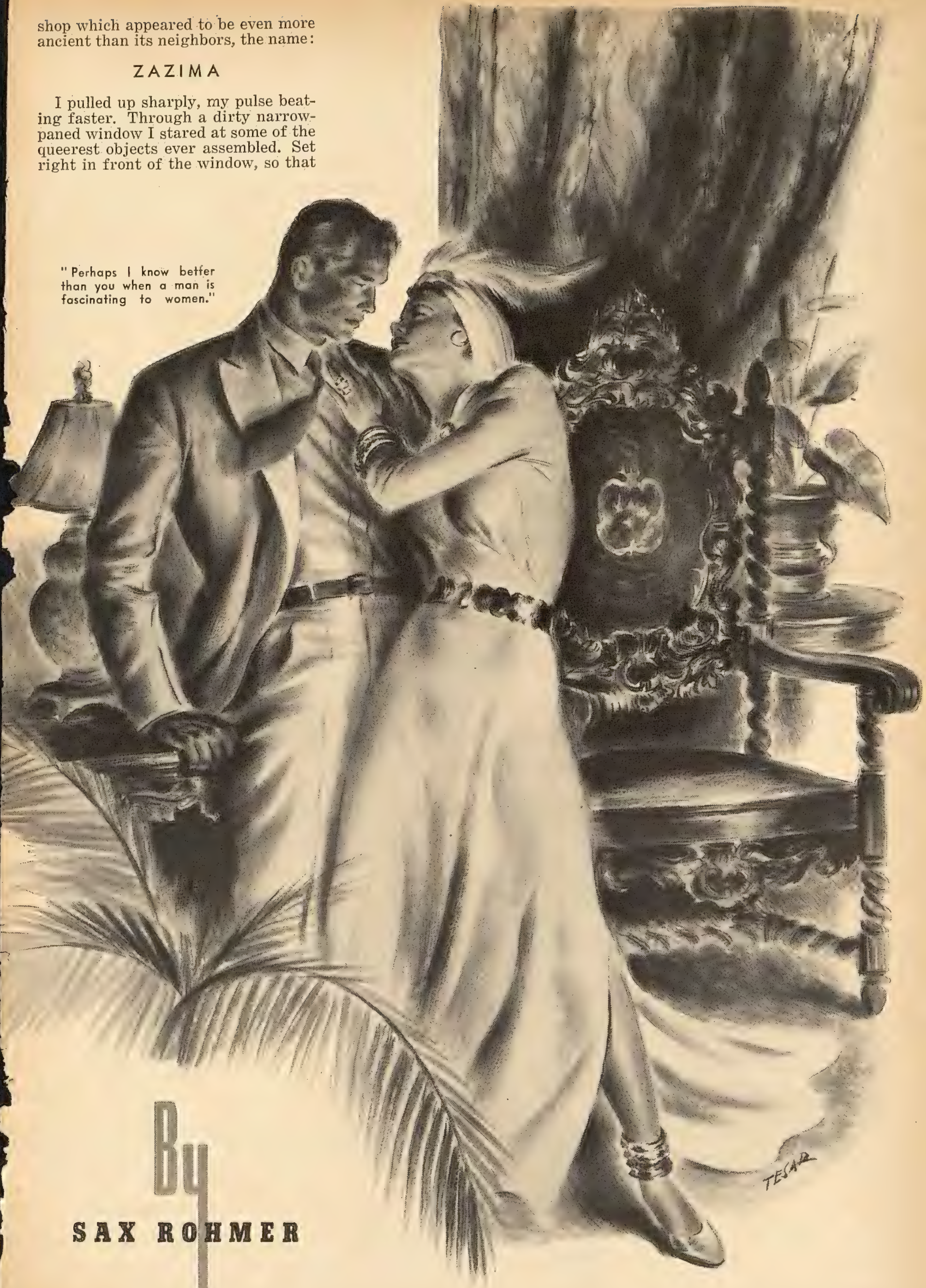
"Just that, except for 'Zone.'"

As we walked along together, Sergeant Abdy gave me my bearings. When we parted, I confess that the size of the job rather staggered me; only by sheer good luck could I hope to find Z.

But Fate (I often think, with the Arabs) has us in leading strings. Parting from Sergeant Abdy, I set out more or less at random. Unbelievably soon, on the corner of a shadowy courtyard, I saw above a shop which appeared to be even more ancient than its neighbors, the name:

ZAZIMA

I pulled up sharply, my pulse beating faster. Through a dirty narrow-paned window I stared at some of the queerest objects ever assembled. Set right in front of the window, so that



"Perhaps I know better than you when a man is fascinating to women."

By

SAX ROHMER

it was no more than an inch removed from the dirty glass, was the strangest exhibit of all.

It was a human head!

The head was that of a bearded old man, reduced by the mysterious art of Peruvian head-hunters to a size no greater than that of an orange. The shriveled features still retained the personality of the living man.

This repellent thing was mounted and set in a carved mahogany box having a perfectly fitting glass cover resembling a clockcase; and as I stared at the ghastly relic I became aware that from the black shadows of the shop beyond some one was watching me.

Faintly I could discern a bent old man sitting upon cushions which were piled upon a high-backed wooden chair. He wore a robe or dressing gown. And as I peered in over the shriveled head in the window, a thin hand was raised. I was invited to enter.

IMMEDIATELY, as the door closed behind me, I became aware of an indescribably fusty atmosphere: I had stepped out of the Panama of today into a crypt. It seemed at first glance that the bulk of Zazima's offerings was displayed in the window. There were some carpets on the walls and some faded charts and prints. A few odds and ends lay about the untidy place.

The proprietor was yellow and wrinkled, with fragments of scanty hair and beard clinging, colorless, to the parchment of his skin. He sat cross-legged upon the cushions, and for one moment, looking into his sunken eyes, a vague apprehension touched me.

"You have some attractive wares for sale," I began.

He nodded his Asiatic head.

"Yes, yes!" He thrust the stem of a common clay pipe into an apparently toothless mouth. "As you say. But business is very slack, Mr. Kerrigan."

I don't know if it was the perfect English in which he addressed me or his knowledge of my name which more greatly surprised me; but I can state with certainty that his confirmation of my hopes—that here indeed was a link with Ardatha—made my heart beat faster.

"Why do you call me Mr. Kerrigan?"

"I was expecting you."

"But how did you know me?"

"Your appearance, of which I had been advised, and your behavior. I cannot think why you have been so long in coming."

"How was I to know you were in Panama? I have been searching in Colón and Cristobal."

"But why in Cristobal? I, Zazima, have been here in Panama for forty years."

"This I did not know."

He removed the clay pipe from his shrunken lips, and:

"Recite to me the message which the lady delivered," he said, "since here is some mystery. I know you bear it in your memory, for I myself have lived and loved."

Doubtful, always suspecting treachery, for if I had learned anything during my association with Nayland Smith it had been that the power of the Si Fan was everywhere, I hesitated. As I stood there, watching the strange old man in the high-backed chair, I felt creepy.

Zazima spoke again; he spoke gently as one who seeks to soothe a nervous child.

"Those who oppose the Master fight with the elements. You are in no danger. Danger is to the lady you love. Tell me, if you please, what message she sent to you."

A moment more I hesitated, and then:

"She told me," I said, "that I should have news of her at the shop of Za—. There her words were cut off."

I watched Zazima closely.

"We who work for the Master work unafraid. The lady's message, Mr. Kerrigan, should have run 'at the shop of Zazima in Panama. Look for the head in the window.' I sorrow to learn that you have sought in vain."

"Quick! Tell me!" My hand shot out in supplication. "Where is she? Where can I find her?"

"It is not for me to answer, Mr. Kerrigan."

He alighted from the chair. I realized that he was a dwarf! Clay pipe in hand, he passed me, crossed to the window, pulled aside the folds of the Chinese carpet, and straining forward reached the box which contained the shriveled head. With this he returned.

"It is twenty dollars," he said; "which is a stupid price."

"But"—I shrank back—"I don't want the thing!"

"The lady's message should have concluded with these words: 'Look for the head in the window. Buy it.'"

I stared down at him suspiciously. Was I becoming involved in a cunning web spread by Dr. Fu Manchu?

"As you say, it is a stupid price."

I handed twenty dollars to Zazima, and he surrendered to me my strange purchase.

"Have you nothing else to tell me?"

"Nothing."

I turned to go.

"Do not open the box," he added softly, "until you are alone."

And he seemed to speak as one who is prompted. . . .

AS I sat outside a café which Sergeant Abdy had recommended to me, I was far from easy in my mind. Having first wrapped my strange possession in a newspaper, I had bought a cheap attaché case, which now stood on the table before me; it contained the shriveled head. My luncheon dispatched, I lingered over an iced drink.

It was cool beneath the awning. The sky looked unreally blue. I had much to think about.

I could not fail to remember that the most delicate operation in the murders due to the Snapping Fingers was that of introducing the unknown agent of death. Suppose (I argued) I carry in the mahogany box such an agent; suppose I am being used cunningly to destroy my friends and myself!

It was not outside the bounds of possibility. In Zazima's shop I had been acutely aware of a hidden presence. Against this was the indisputable fact that Ardatha had directed me to go there—that I had been expected.

BUT what had my journey availed? I knew no more than I had known before I had set eyes on the strange dwarf called Zazima. And there was something else.

As I had come out into the cobbled sloping street, carrying my purchase, an idea had been strong upon me that I was watched—by some one *outside;* that this person was following me at a distance. So strong did this conviction become that, as I turned into Sixth Street, I paused for a moment and then turned back.

I almost fell over a slim sallow-faced man who was on the point of rounding the corner!

Muttering an apology, he hurried on; but his appearance had set me a problem. Where had I seen that sallow face before? A wide-brimmed hat had somewhat obscured his features but nevertheless I knew this was not the first time I had seen him.

Abstractedly selecting a cigarette from my case, I watched a *coche* which slowly approached, hood up, for the noonday sun was hot. In any more objective mood, I might well have failed to note the passenger; but now his sallow features imprinted themselves upon my passive brain with medal-like accuracy. He had removed the wide-brimmed hat and lay back in the shadow of the hood; but I knew him—knew him for a spy—for the man who had followed me as I left Zazima's shop.

More, that fugitive memory was trapped: He was the man who had been with Ardatha in the lobby of the Regal Athenian!

The carriage clattered past at some little distance from the café and turned into a side street just beyond an ancient church with huge iron-studded doors.

I was closely covered. What was the purpose of this espionage?

The link with Ardatha was established. Its implications horrified me. My anxiety to examine the head grew so intense that for a moment I thought of hiring a room in the restaurant merely for that purpose.

Sergeant Abdy's reappearance induced wiser counsels. He dropped down on a chair facing me.

"Checked up on Zazima," he reported. "Nothing against him. He has contacts in the Chinese quarter, and it's suspected some of his stock is stolen and the rest smuggled. If so, he's clever. But he's never given any trouble. . . .”

BOTH Nayland Smith and Sir Lionel were out when I returned, but Smith had left a message which read:

“Back for late dinner. Don't go out until I join you.”

I passed through the lobby with its arcades and lighted showcases, and for all my distracted frame of mind could not fail to notice that I was an object of interest to a number of visitors lounging about in a seemingly aimless fashion.

One graceful brunette seemed bent upon making my acquaintance. She was tall, slender, but despite her light-brown skin, the color of which might have been due to sun-bathing, had that swaying carriage which betrays African ancestry. Her brilliant amber eyes shaded by long curling lashes fixed upon me, she conveyed so frank an invitation that I found it embarrassing. As I stepped into the elevator:

“Who is that dark girl?” I asked the man.

“Oh, that's Flammario, the dancer from the Passion Fruit Tree.”

“Does she live here?”

“She owns about half the town.”

By the time I reached the suite I had dismissed her from my mind: some one else occupied it exclusively.

I set the carved wooden box on the table in the sitting room and stared through the glass at that dreadful exhibit. Why had Zazima forced the thing upon me?

The idea that this fragment of dreadful mortality formed a link with Ardatha was one I was anxious to dispel; yet I clung to it. Lighting a cigarette, I considered the relic, and suddenly an idea occurred to me.

The reason for so roundabout a method was not clear, but Zazima may have known himself to be spied upon. That some one else had been concealed at the back of his shop I had felt quite certain, some servant of Fu Manchu—possibly the Doctor himself. I must suppose that the hidden watcher had good reasons for remaining hidden. The answer to the problem must be that vital information of some sort was hidden in the box!

I anticipated no difficulty in opening it; the front was secured by a catch similar to that of a clockface. Yet I hesitated; I loathed the idea of touching that little shriveled head mounted upon a block of some hard black wood.

Conquering repulsion, I was about to open the glass front and examine that shriveled fragment of a long dead man when abruptly I desisted.

I had heard a rap, short but imperative, at the outer door!

Hastily I placed the shriveled head in its mahogany casket in a bureau. I was anxious that none of the staff should see it: I mistrusted every one where Dr. Fu Manchu was concerned. As I locked the bureau and slipped the key into my pocket, rapping on the outer door was repeated, this time more insistently. I thought it might be Barton, but I could not imagine why he did not ring the bell.

Swift dusk was falling, and as I opened the door, the lights in the passage outside had not yet been switched up.

A woman stood there. She spoke.

“I have had to come because I want to help you—I *must* speak to you.”

It was Flammario the dancer!

Brilliant amber eyes looked into mine; they were beautiful but their beauty was of the jungle.

“Please, no—do not turn up the light. I promise you, I declare to you, that I am here to be of help. It is that your interests are mine. I know that you—look for some one—”

“HARDTACK”
Reamer Keller

"I wish something could be done about his three favorite programs all being on at the same time!"

She preceded me into the rapidly darkening room, for dusk falls swiftly in the tropics, and seated herself in an armchair, not far from the door. Her movements had a wild animal grace, which might have been a product of her profession or have been hereditary. She was very magnetic; an oddly disturbing figure. I was far from trusting her. And now (she had a velvety, caressing voice):

“Will you please promise me something?” she asked.

“What is it?”

“There are two other ways out of here. Is it true?”

“Yes.”

“If Sir Denis Nayland Smith comes, or Sir Lionel Barton, will you help me to escape?”

I distrusted her; I suspected her to be a servant of Dr. Fu Manchu, an instrument, a mouthpiece; otherwise from what source had she gained her knowledge of my companions? But my longing for news of Ardatha tipped the balance.

“Yes, I will do my best; but why are you afraid of them—and how do you come to know their names?”

“I had a friend—he is now my enemy—” The huskily musical voice came to me from a shadowy figure. “He, my friend, is a member of a secret society called the Si Fan. You know it, eh?”

“Yes, I know it.”

“He told me about it—far more than he should have told any one; and because I seem to know about the Si Fan, I think that those others might—”

“Might hold you as a suspect?” I suggested.

“Yes.” The word came in a whisper. “It would not be fair. And so”—she had the quaintest accent—“will you promise me that I am not arrested?”

“Yes,” I said.

She laughed softly, a trilling musical laugh.

“You Englishmen are so sweet to women—so are American men. It is foolish, but sometimes it pays.”

She was now a dim shape in the armchair.

“You mean that until we have been tricked we expect women to play the game?”

“Yes, perhaps that is it. But I have something to ask you and something to tell you, and the time is short. First—you look for the girl called Ardatha?”

“Yes!”

“And you believe that she is with Dr. Fu Manchu?”

“Of course—”

“She is not.”

“What do you say?”

“She is with—my *friend*. Please let me go on. The name of this dear friend of mine is Lou Cabot. He is part owner of the Passion Fruit Tree, where I am hostess. He is also the chief agent of the Si Fan in the Canal Zone. He was sent to New York to bring Ardatha here—”

“Is he a sallow-faced fellow,” I broke in savagely, for I was thinking of the man I had seen with Ardatha in the Regal Athenian—the man of Panama, “greasy black hair and semi side whiskers?”

“He might look so to you; but please listen. The society, the Si Fan, is split into two parts: There is a conspiracy against the president, and Lou is of those who plan his ruin. A dangerous game, I told him—and so he will find it! So far so good. But now, if you please, because he is so sure of himself, he has taken her away—”

“What!”

“Lou has a charm for women—”

“Enough!” I said sharply.

FLAMMARIO glided to my side, threw one arm around me, and rested her head on my shoulder. “I am a woman,” she whispered; “perhaps I know better than you when a man is fascinating to women. I do not think, myself, that her heart has changed about you. But I know—how well I know!—that mine has changed! Listen again. My *friend* has wounded my pride. I know him now for a vain fool. He will surely die when the plot is known—”

“Yes, but—”

“Yes, but I wish to *see* him die!” She laughed; it was musical but demoniacal laughter. “And if I can show you these two together, I am sure that you will kill him . . .”

“I assure you I shall do my best! But where is she? Where *is* she?”

“I think I know. Later tonight I shall be sure.”

“Then—quickly: What am I to do?”

She drew away from me. It was now nearly quite dark, and she appeared as a phantom.

“I will tell you—for some one must be here soon. You will make your friends promise—about me; and then, be at the Passion Fruit tonight before twelve o’clock. You must be prepared to *act*—”

“How? Tell me.”

I heard the elevator stop at our floor, heard the gate clang; I saw the phantom figure of Flammario drawn swiftly upright.

“Quick! Which is the better way?” I hesitated. “You promised—I trusted you. You can say I was here, but first let me go!”

“This way.”

I led her through to Barton’s room and opened the outer door.

“Tonight, before twelve—I shall expect you. . . .”

AS I closed the door after Flammario, footsteps passed by outside. Whoever had come up in the elevator was not bound for our apartment. In a few more precious moments I might have learned so much; but now it was too late. . . . Lou Cabot. . . . Could it be true?

Switching up the light, I turned and looked at a large cage which stood on a side table. Its occupant lay in the sleeping box, only a tiny gray-whiskered head drooping disconsolately out. I saw a bowl of food, untouched, upon the sanded floor. Peko the marmoset was near his end.

I approached the bars, staring in anxiously. Wicked little eyes regarded me, teeth were bared, and there was a faint whistling chatter. Peko might be moribund but he could still hate all humanity. I returned to the sitting room, lighted up, and took out the head in its mahogany box.

Shriveled hideous thing it was, and upon it (as again overcoming my repulsion, I studied it more closely) there still rested the shadow of a distant agony. Was this no more than a trap? Why should I trust Zazima? Yet, because the fate of Ardatha meant more to me, nor do I deny it, than the success or failure of the expedition upon which I was engaged, I knew that I was prepared to believe in his sincerity—prepared to believe Flammario. I was mad with apprehension.

Opening the case, I peered inside eagerly. I could see nothing concealed there, but I made a discovery which induced great excitement: One of the painted knobs moved slightly . . .

I was about to attempt to pull it from its place . . . when the head began to speak!

When I say that it began to speak, I do not mean that any movement of those wasted features became perceptible; I mean that a low obscene whispering proceeded from it.

I all but dropped the box. I was appalled. I set it on the table. Then, as that high sibilance continued, I clenched my fists and forced myself to listen.

“So it befell—so it befell”—the whispering was in English!—“Ica I was called—Ica. . . . Chief was I of all the Quechua of Callao. But the Jivaros came: my women were taken, my house was fired, my head struck off. We were peaceful folk. But the head-hunters swept down upon us. Thought still lived in my skull, even when it was packed with burning sand. . . . My brain boiled, yet I knew that I was Ica, chief of the Quechua of Callao . . .”

The uncanny whisper died away. I stood there rigidly, staring at the head, when again a voice spoke from the box:

“Such is the brief obituary of Ica, chief of the Callao Quechuas.”

And this voice was the voice of Dr. Fu Manchu!

“If I address Mr. Bart Kerrigan,” it continued, “be good enough to press the red indicator on the right of the box once.”

Bending forward, I pressed the red knob which I had already discovered.

“The grotesque character of the receiving set before you,” that high distant voice resumed, “was designed for a special purpose. It is otherwise similar to the example which Sir Denis deposited in Scotland Yard’s museum rather more than a year ago, but which is no longer of any use. Listen attentively. If Sir Denis or any one else joins you, press the blue indicator on the left of the box. The safety of Ardatha depends upon your obedience.”

Almost I ceased to breathe.

“What I have to say must be said briefly: it is for you to employ it to good purpose. Your Western World is locked in a stupid clash of arms. The shadow of Russia, that deformed colossus, frightens the children of Europe, none more so than the deluded Germans; but since one cannot wield the sword at the same time as one guides the plowshare, nations far distant tremble for their trade. This is where East meets West. The more equally the scales be weighted, the more certainly a decimal of a gram added to one of them must tip it.”

THE voice ceased; I feared that that which I most particularly wanted to hear was to be denied to me, but:

“I hold such a decimal of a gram in my hand,” the cold guttural voice continued. “That dangerous meddler, Sir Lionel Barton, dreamed of outwitting me. He failed. Mention to him that Haiti, and not Panama, is the home of the Snapping Fingers. He captured Peko, the marmoset who shares all my secrets, including that of longevity. You are unaware of the fact, but I have twice attempted to recover him and twice have been unsuccessful. In holding Peko I confess that you hold my heartstrings. In the wooden base upon which the head of Ica is mounted, you will find a small phial containing a heavy liquid resembling Chartreuse. Press the red indicator twice, when you have found it.”

Without hesitation (I wondered if any one had ever disobeyed Dr. Fu Manchu) I removed the shriveled head, the base of which I found to be fixed in two grooves so that it could be pulled out from the box. I inverted it and saw that there was a sliding lid. Inside the cavity lay a phial and a tiny tortoise-shell snuffbox packed in cotton wool.

I RECLOSED this strange casket, replaced the head, and followed instructions.

“You have in your hand,” the imperious voice continued, “that which means the life not merely of an animal. One minim, no more, is to be added to one gill of fresh goat’s milk. This must be given to the marmoset at once. Afterward, the milk once daily, with the liqueur only on every third day. An added fragment of the powder in the snuffbox will induce him to eat any suitable food. Press the red indicator once if you understand; otherwise, twice.”

When I had signified that I understood:

“See that Peko lives,” the distant voice went on. “I am prepared to exchange Ardatha for Peko—when I have recovered Ardatha. There is a schism in our ancient ranks; a usurper seeks to be president, one who believes that the Nazi blunderers, who have recently approached me, can be used to our advantage. Here, in acting for yourself you act also for me. There is a creature called Lou Cabot who has joined my enemies. So far he has escaped me. He is hiding in Colón. Ardatha is with him. You have Sir Denis and the Zone police; I have my own methods. Seek for this reptile. If you should chance to kill him, it would save me trouble.”

Again the voice ceased. I was in a state of intense nervous tension, but at last:

“Find Cabot,” the voice added, now faintly and from far away. “Delay may be dangerous. . . . Take care of Peko. . . . I will restore . . .”

The voice ceased entirely.

Is this a new trap for Kerrigan? Why does the all-powerful Fu Manchu have to call upon him for assistance? Can it be that Lou Cabot is merely another pawn in the Chinaman’s game of human chess—or his feared enemy? Compare your deductions with the startling developments in next week’s Liberty.

None but the brave..

★
4 STARS: EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS: EXCELLENT
★ 2 STARS: GOOD ★
1 STAR: POOR
0 STAR: VERY POOR
★

A night club scene in the English importation, Blackout.

London to California, 1940 to 1820 . . The movies tell of adventure and lovely women

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ BLACKOUT

THE PLAYERS: Conrad Veidt, Valerie Hobson, Hay Petrie, Esmond Knight, Raymond Lovell, Charles Victor, Paddy Browne. Scenario by Michael Powell and Brock Williams from a story by Emeric Pressburger. Directed by Michael Powell. Produced by John Corfield-United Artists. Running time, 77 minutes.

THE English give an expert touch to one sort of movie, the mystery melodrama. Here, for instance, is a neat, taut yarn of espionage and counterespionage with sustained grip. A Danish freighter captain is taken into an English port with his vessel by a patrol boat while his cargo and his passengers are examined. On board is a beautiful mysterious woman who steals his landing permit, darts away to London. He follows. In no time at all the two of them are facing obliteration in the torture chamber of a group of German spies. The young woman, it seems, is an English agent and the Germans are going to learn her secrets at any cost. There you have them, tied, awaiting annihilation in the German hide-out under a London night club.

Both Conrad Veidt, as the Danish captain, and Valerie Hobson, as the poised sophisticated lady spy, are excellent. They're confusing no end, for Veidt, usually sinister, does an honest seaman (I suspected him right up to the last five minutes), and Valerie is the first secret agent in tweeds instead of slinky clothes. The backgrounds of London in blackout are picturesque, the story has sustained excitement. A passing tribute, too, to English movie makers who can view a ruthless war to the death and take time out to use it as the villain of a film.

VITAL STATISTICS: Valerie Hobson was born in Larne, Ireland. Date 1917. Her father was a captain in the navy and Valerie was sent to St. Augustine's Priory Convent to be educated. At nine she went to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art for a year, then she studied dancing for six years, returned to the Royal Academy at fifteen for further training. After that the stage and the movies. Valerie was in Hollywood for awhile, did several films, including The Bride of Frankenstein. Hollywood, however, never gave her a real break. Returning to England, she played opposite Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in two pictures and in Alexander Korda's Drums. Lives in Berkeley Square. Has a nice sense of humor, they say. Speaks French perfectly, some Spanish and Italian. . . . Conrad Veidt originally studied medicine, later turned to acting. Remember him in his first big film role, the sleepwalker in The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari? . . . Hay Petrie, who does two roles in this picture, has a household with twenty-seven cats, a rare collection of walking sticks, a first-rate library, and a number of valuable oil paintings.

★ ★ ★ THE MARK OF ZORRO

THE PLAYERS: Tyrone Power, Linda Darnell, Basil Rathbone, Gale Sondergaard, Eugene Pallette, J. Edward Bromberg, Montagu Love, Janet Beecher, Robert Lowery, Chris-Pin Martin, George Regas, Belle Mitchell, John Bleifer, Frank Puglia, Eugene Borden, Pedro de Cordoba, Guy D'Ennery. Screen play by John Taintor Foote, adaptation by Garrett Fort and Bess Meredith, based on Johnston McCulley's story, The Curse of Capistrano. Directed by Rouben Mamoulian. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 94 minutes.

NINETEEN years ago Doug Fairbanks had a merry time of it vaulting over walls, sliding down draperies, and leaping on his trusty

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horse from the balconies of lovely señoritas as the stalwart Don Diego Vega who went about, in mask and cloak, righting wrongs. By day Diego was a delicate, foppish, despised dandy just back from the court of Spain. By night he rode the countryside, singlehanded battled and defeated the grafting, unscrupulous Spanish authorities who ruled and robbed the Los Angeles territory of the 1820s. Always he slashed his mark, a Z, with his trusty rapier on walls and doors. In the end, of course, he won the lovely Lolita, defeated the cruel tyrants, saved the oppressed peons.

Tyrone Power does the Fairbanks role of the California Robin Hood, goes in for little or no acrobatics, depends upon Machiavellian cunning and a collegiate masquerade sort of romantic dash. He always is the handsome juvenile in picturesque costumes, neat mustache, and curled locks—and never believable. Linda Darnell is a decorative Lolita, Basil Rathbone is adequate as the cruel mainspring of oppression.

VITAL STATISTICS: **One production item was 4,000 aspirin tablets, used to preserve the many flowers from wilting under the hot studio lights. A movie crew traveled a thousand miles to Tepic, Mexico, for background shots of an old hacienda. . . . Fred Cavens, who coached the late Mr. Fairbanks in swordplay for the original Zorro, also coached Ty Power and Basil Rathbone. In fact, Cavens let them use the original blade of Zorro, presented to him by Doug. . . . What with fencing, Eugene Pallette lost eighteen of his 250 pounds during three weeks of shooting. . . . Because of the South American film trade, all Spanish words had to be pronounced exactly right. Ernesto Romero, Mexican vice-consul for thirteen years in Los Angeles, was technical adviser in pronunciation. . . . Ty Power got his first break as understudy to Burgess Meredith in a stage play, Flowers of the Forest, in which Katharine Cornell starred. He was in Miss Cornell's Romeo and Juliet and Saint Joan, then Hollywood grabbed him. First film job was in Twentieth Century-Fox's Girls' Dormitory.**

★ ★ ONE NIGHT IN THE TROPICS

THE PLAYERS: Allan Jones, Nancy Kelly, Bud Abbott, Lou Costello, Robert Cummings, Mary Boland, William Frawley, Peggy Moran, Leo Carrillo, Don Alvarado, Nina Orla, Richard Carle. Screen play by Gertrude Purcell and Charles Grayson, adaptation by Kathryn Scola and Francis Martin, based on Earl Derr Biggers' novel, Love Insurance. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. Produced by Universal. Running time, 83 minutes.

A MILD, pleasant musical with the likable Allan Jones playing a high-pressure insurance specialist who sells his best pal a million-dollar love-insurance policy underwriting the chap's impending marriage. Then the insurance specialist falls in love with the bride-to-be himself. What to do? Cost his company a cool million or lose the gal?

There are five Jerome Kern musical numbers, none of them of any particular distinction, I regret to report. Jones is an ingratiating insurance expert, Nancy Kelly is the girl, Robert Cummings the worried pal. But the film is stolen by two comic zanies from the ether waves, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello. Their material isn't much, but somehow Costello gets his laughs as the dumb amateur sleuth hired to protect the love-insurance company from losing on its million-dollar policy.

VITAL STATISTICS: **Nancy Kelly goes blonde for her role here. Nancy's screen career started when she was a child, in The Great Gatsby. Then, as she grew up, came the stage and radio appearances on the March of Time. After that, Hollywood. At Twentieth Century-Fox she was in Jesse James and other films. . . . Bud Abbott and Lou Costello (Lou is the pudgy half) come from radio to films. Costello hails from Paterson, New Jersey, Abbott from Atlantic City. Abbott was a cashier in a Brooklyn theater where Costello was playing. When Lou's partner failed to appear one night, Bud took his place, kept it. Came small-time vaudeville, burlesque, "tab" shows. They've appeared together in Broadway revues; recently they have been on the Kate Smith radio program. You may know Costello's tag line, "I'm a ba-a-a-d boy." . . . Allan Jones discovered Nina Orla, the pretty little Mexican, on the same variety bill on which he appeared in a New York theater not so long ago. Jones told Universal about Nina. Came a test and a contract. She's eighteen, stands five feet even, weighs 102. And, ah, zat personality!**

Short Review:

★ **THE MERRY WIVES** (Edgar Lloyd-A. B. Film). The last film made in free Czechoslovakia, winner of first prize in the International Film Festival, Venice, 1938. Hit a lot of censor trouble over here; just approved by the New York board. Superimposed English titles. Story deals with a sixteenth-century Zorro who sets out, between love affairs with wine interludes, to clean up his home town of Kutna Hora. One Zdenek Stepanek is the poet-count. There's a blonde, Adina Mandlova, who is a decorative item Hollywood ought to import at once. (85 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Escape, The Long Voyage Home, Arise, My Love, Boom Town, Foreign Correspondent, Our Town.

★★★½—The Great Dictator, The Thief of Bagdad, North West Mounted Police, The Westerner, Strike Up the Band, Rhythm on the River, I Love You Again, They Drive by Night, The Great McGinty, The Mortal Storm.

★★★—Night Train, They Knew What They Wanted, World in Flames, Knute Rockne—All American, Third Finger, Left Hand, Angels over Broadway, Christmas in July, Spring Parade, City for Conquest, Brigham Young, The Howards of Virginia, Hired Wife, Lucky Partners, Pastor Hall, The Sea Hawk, The Man I Married, Pride and Prejudice, Andy Hardy Meets Debutante, I Want a Divorce, New Moon, My Love Came Back, Tom Brown's School Days, The Ghost Breakers, Susan and God, All This, and Heaven Too, Brother Orchid, Edison the Man, Waterloo Bridge, Lillian Russell, Torrid Zone.

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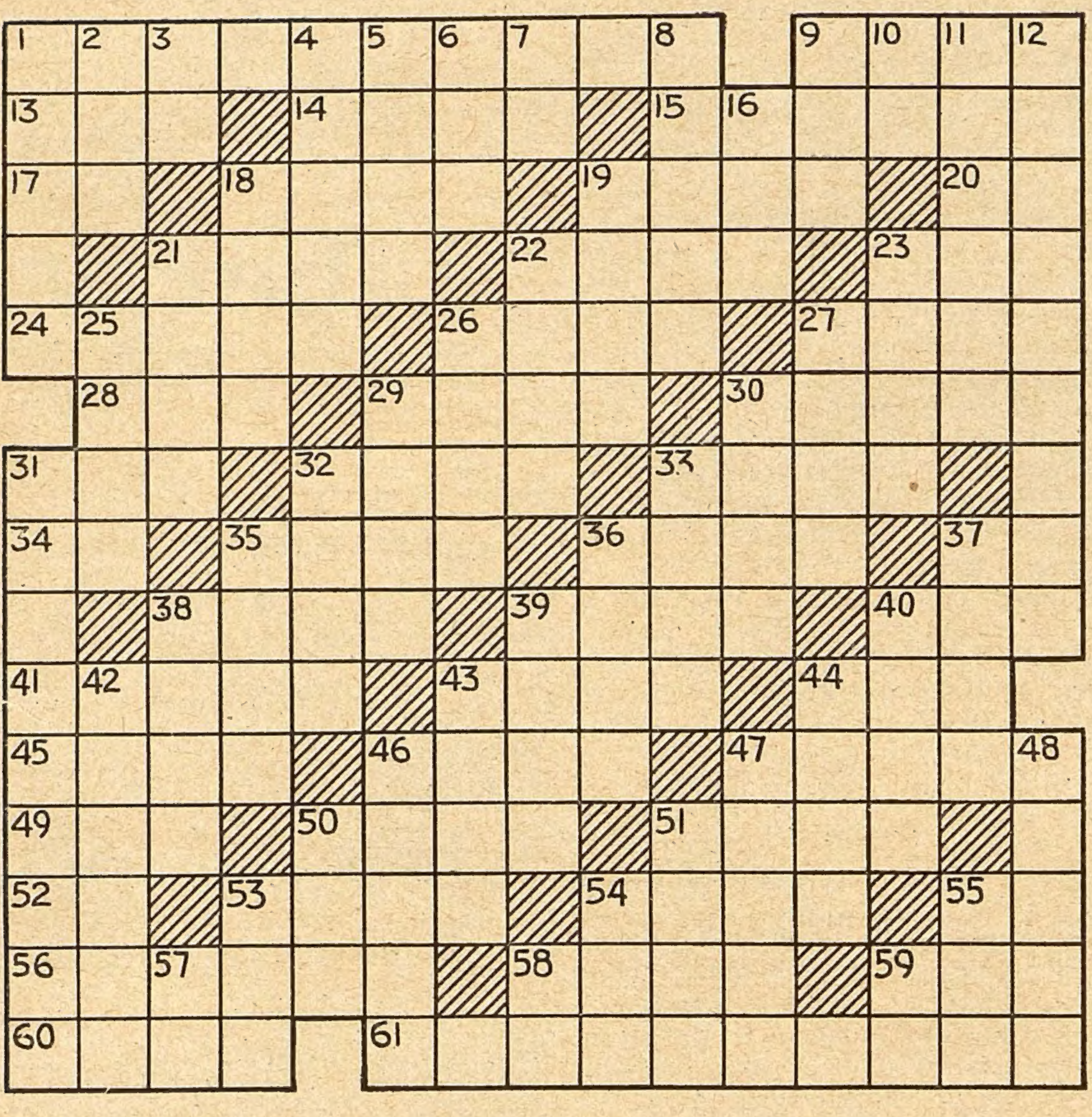
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 This year he will make all his deliveries by tank (two words)
9 Dome didies
13 Fatso the Truffle Snuffler
14 Shake a stick at people who fiddle around for a living, causing them to squawk and moan
15 What Das Kapital was published for
17 This has suffered a comedown around New York
18 Grammaw's hang-over (she had one right to the eyes)
19 The air, at least, is still this
20 Garbo always ends up with this
21 Manly side of a ram
22 Kind of cement hog
23 Red network—makes itself heard in practically every American home (abbr.)
24 What movie producers do in technicolor
26 Hot pet
27 Some time
28 The boys stopped bending yours on November 5
29 String bean raised on the range
30 Dearest thing in France
31 World's problem children
32 What Dad usually gets after Xmas
33 What most people use to support their ears
34 If this is okay with you, it's okay with me
35 " Come and get it " (don't let it alarm you!)
36 Lake, Placid
37 Blind pig
38 Blast bellows (political)
39 Curbstone setter
40 Parkway Pullman
41 A standout in an evening gown
43 What an angry man is
44 What's on a gal's mind these days?
45 What toes come in
46 What goes into the black shirts and doesn't show?
47 Attacks the problem of time and space with a machine
49 Stowed the succulents
50 Here's work for you but no pay
51 Who invented this anyway?
52 Cockeyed Anteaters (abbr.)
53 Bad cheese has none
54 Where Old Baldy got a smack from the kisser
55 Male man
56 Great believer in peace—a peace of this and that
58 Did you ever get up to see her any time?
59 Propeller applied to objectionable rear ends
60 A forward gal and to grab grub backward
61 Some day he's going to stand up and yell " I've got it! "—meanwhile he keeps a stony silence (two words)

VERTICAL

1 First love of the parkway cowboy
2 Feel puny
3 This is lowzay (abbr.)
4 Mechanized cock-a-doodle-do
5 Smelly copper
6 This needs a pick-me-up
7 What I get billbored from reading (abbr.)
8 What you feel when listening to a wet smack
9 How to stop a sad horse
10 The biggest little word
11 Double talk
12 Ye olde holey Christmas hang-overs
16 Background of the swastika
18 A rugged animal
19 The Outline of Woman
21 That's using the old ——
22 There have been recent additions of this to Italy's present ones
23 What the poor rich have been living in since F. D. R.
25 What garlic-eaters do
26 May ours have a permanent wave!
27 Sock with a ton of lead
29 Nourishment taken through the ears
30 A McMick
31 A ticklish thing a girl feels in a tight squeeze and keeps her from yelling for help
32 *The* Ranger
33 Chief Axis product
35 The weapons of diplomacy
36 In brief: short
37 How Chinese smell on the Fourth of July
38 Weakness of the Army's defense this fall
39 Croons lactically
40 Pine pantie
42 Head of the Vichy-Vashy government
43 Kind of puss that curdles milk
44 Manufacturer of the Army Colt
46 Hitting a small pill around real estate; getting rheumatism in a duck blind, etc.
47 How to start potting ivy
48 Kind of nonsense
50 What the poet did
51 What Johnny will do at Christmas without urging
53 A man is this when he stops looking
54 Household tyrant
55 A dig, dig, chop, chop
57 This struck a damp note at Stokowski's
58 A plane man, a mike, and a cockeyed point of view
59 Ted's Kockeyed (abbr.)

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EGGS GATUN MESA
GORE ALONE ARAB
ANIMATE■IVORINE
DEMISE■OPEN■NET
  ATE■EWER■TI
PACE■BALD■LATER
UTE■LASS■CAMERA
LO■BEST■DICE■OR
ENCASE■MITE■ADE
DEALT■GAME■AVER
  BI■BADE■ODE
TRI■PALE■SNORER
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ALEE INURE EGOS
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Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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Mrs. Roosevelt Writes a Short Story

FULTON OURSLER

EVER SINCE the Roosevelts have been in Washington we have been hearing about their pleasant custom of family at the hearth on Christmas Eve and the reading aloud of parts of Dickens' Christmas Carol by the President. Year after year the ghost of Marley, "who was dead to begin with," is evoked by the magic of F. D. R.'s voice at the White House fireside. That is certainly a fine way to usher in the great festival of the Messiah's birth; for, in spite of all the critics, the genius of Charles Dickens made his story the epitome of Christian hope and faith. Probably for hundreds of years to come, people will go on reading the story of Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim and the miracle in the heart of Scrooge. This year, however, it is certain that another Christmas story is going to be read in millions of American homes—a tale of Yuletime in 1940, and not by any famous spinner of yarns like Charles Dickens but by a member of that fireside circle of the White House; by Eleanor Roosevelt! This time our amazing First Lady has turned to fiction for a new world in which to express herself. Not as a stunt; she is too earnest a person, with too many important tasks, to have the time for mere experimentation. Her heart was filled with a great stirring of the spirit that is Christmas; she had something to say, and felt, no doubt, it could best be dramatized as a tale. The critics may say that her meaning is obscured; they may be astonished at the mysticism that has flowed into this story from the pen of a very realistic and practical person. Others may be swept along to emotional conviction by the imaginative power and sincerity which came to the author as she set herself to this new and difficult task. Every one will be interested, I am sure, in the result. The story, which can be had in the bookshops in a charming volume issued by Alfred Knopf, will appear in Liberty next week, and I hope that you will all enjoy it.

WHAT IS THE LATEST adventure of that intrepid Liberty reporter, Robert Low, on the front of battle in Great Britain? Well, he has just traveled with a British convoy, lived through a German attack, and tells you all about it in his article next week. This one is a real thriller, and so is the story of a little English boy who survived the sinking of his ship and tells of his experiences while floating on a raft. The issue next week contains a number of features I urge you to read, including the Eleanore Griffin short story, When It Comes Like Lightning, It's Love; a football chunk of excitement called Rags to Rose Bowl; Pep Up, America! by Walter Karig; I Was a Snob, by Achmed Abdullah; more about the seven steps to personal success by Professor Pitkin; together with installments of the serials and the usual departments.

SALMAGUNDI: From Henry C. Warren of 153 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, comes this question: "In your article concerning the Institute of Logopedics and the suffering spastic paralytics and the central motor and sensory defectives, you allude to the boundless goodness of God. If His goodness is boundless, as you state, why did He permit those sufferers to contract those diseases?" Probably Mr. Warren knows perfectly well the orthodox answers to that question. He also knows that there is no space here to enter upon such a debate. I would merely quote a difficult saying which, I am quite sure, will arouse only ire and scorn—a quotation from The Shadow of the Master, which ran serially in this magazine: "Pain is not the punishment of sinners, but the reward of saints." . . . Books may come and go, but the unchanging best of all best sellers year after year continues to be the Holy Bible. Thomas Nelson and Sons of New York have just issued a beautiful new de luxe edition which they call the Concordance Bible. It is one of the most convenient editions of the King James version and an admirable Christmas present. . . . Other four-star books for Christmas presents on my list are: Fun Encyclopedia, by E. O. Harbin, published by Abingdon Cokesbury; A Treasury of American Song, by Olin Downes and Elie Siegmeister, published by Howell, Soskin & Co.; Oliver Wiswell, by Kenneth Roberts, published by Doubleday Doran; The Great Mistake, by Mary Roberts Rinehart, published by Farrar & Rinehart; New Yorker Short Stories, published by Simon and Schuster; Sapphira and the Slave Girl, by Willa Cather, published by Alfred A. Knopf; American Vaudeville, Its Life and Times, published by Whittlesey House; and The Face Is Familiar, by Ogden Nash—a collection of some of the great madcap's best.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty
The American Way of Life

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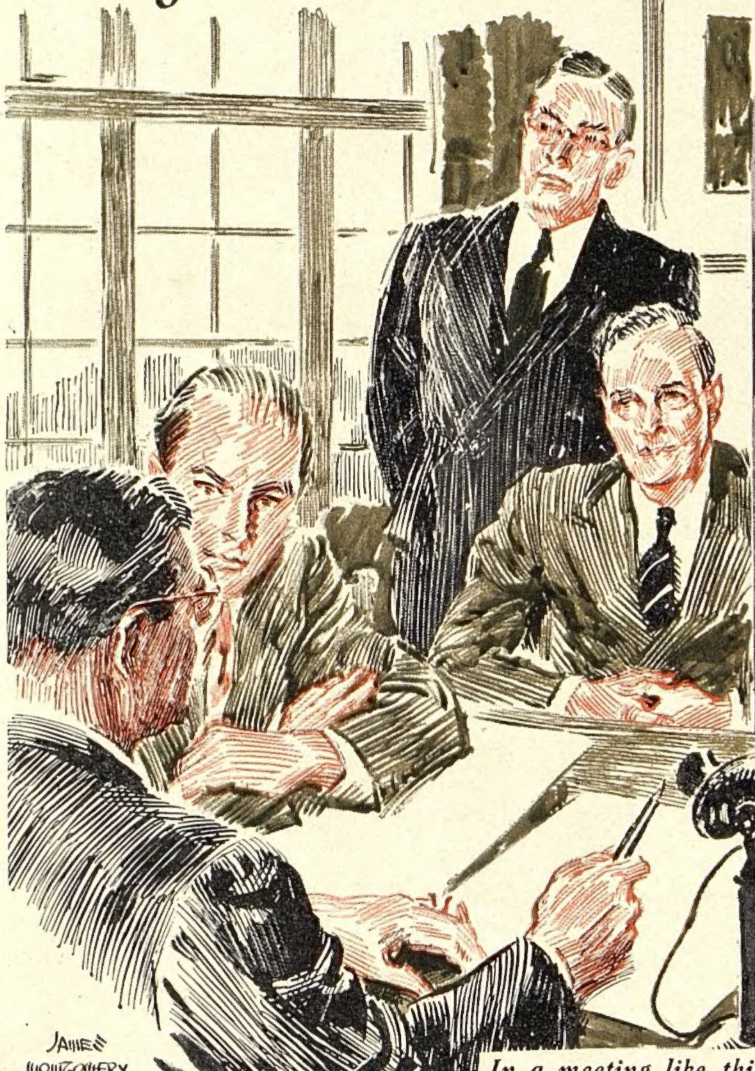
The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY WINEMILLER-MILLER

Leo Leboeuf, worker in Aluminum

HIS JOB TOOK $3,500,000 WORTH OF COURAGE

This is the story of how Leo Leboeuf's first job was made. He has been a valued member of the Alcoa Family at Massena, New York, since 1929. Three times in those eleven years Leo has brought home the good news of a promotion.



In a meeting like this, a decision was made to prove that Aluminum was a suitable material for railroad trains. The streamliners of today prove the soundness of that vision. Another result was new jobs for Americans like Leo Leboeuf.

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

THE picture at the right, above, is a happy one largely because our executives believed enough in the future of aluminum to build the great plant Leo Leboeuf works in. They had no guaranty of success other than their own convictions.

Leo has had a good job for eleven years because these men backed up their belief to the extent of investing $3,500,000 and stuck to their guns right through the worst depression the United States had ever seen.

Dates are the mileposts in this stirring adventure.

In 1928, America had no such thing as a streamlined train. And Leo Leboeuf had no job.

We had visioned such a train, sleek and gleaming, and made very light from the strong alloys of aluminum. It would be fast, safe, and economical to operate.

But to make this train there were needed long beams of aluminum, such as had never been made. We talked with the railroads about the idea, and they rightly said: Better show us some actual beams before we take your idea seriously.

What to do? A mill to roll such beams would cost millions. What if, after making the investment, the streamliner was not practical? Whatever else could the mill be used for? How much did we really believe in the future of aluminum?

On September 21, 1928, our executives made an important decision. They said, in effect: We do believe firmly enough in the future of aluminum to invest the company's money in these special manufacturing facilities.

On October 2, 1928, at Massena, New York, ground was broken for the new mill, which was then and is now the only aluminum mill of its kind in the world.

By July 29, 1929, we were able to give seventeen-year-old Leo Leboeuf his first job, helping to construct it. That October, he was working in the mill, itself. Today, after two more promotions, he is still on the job.

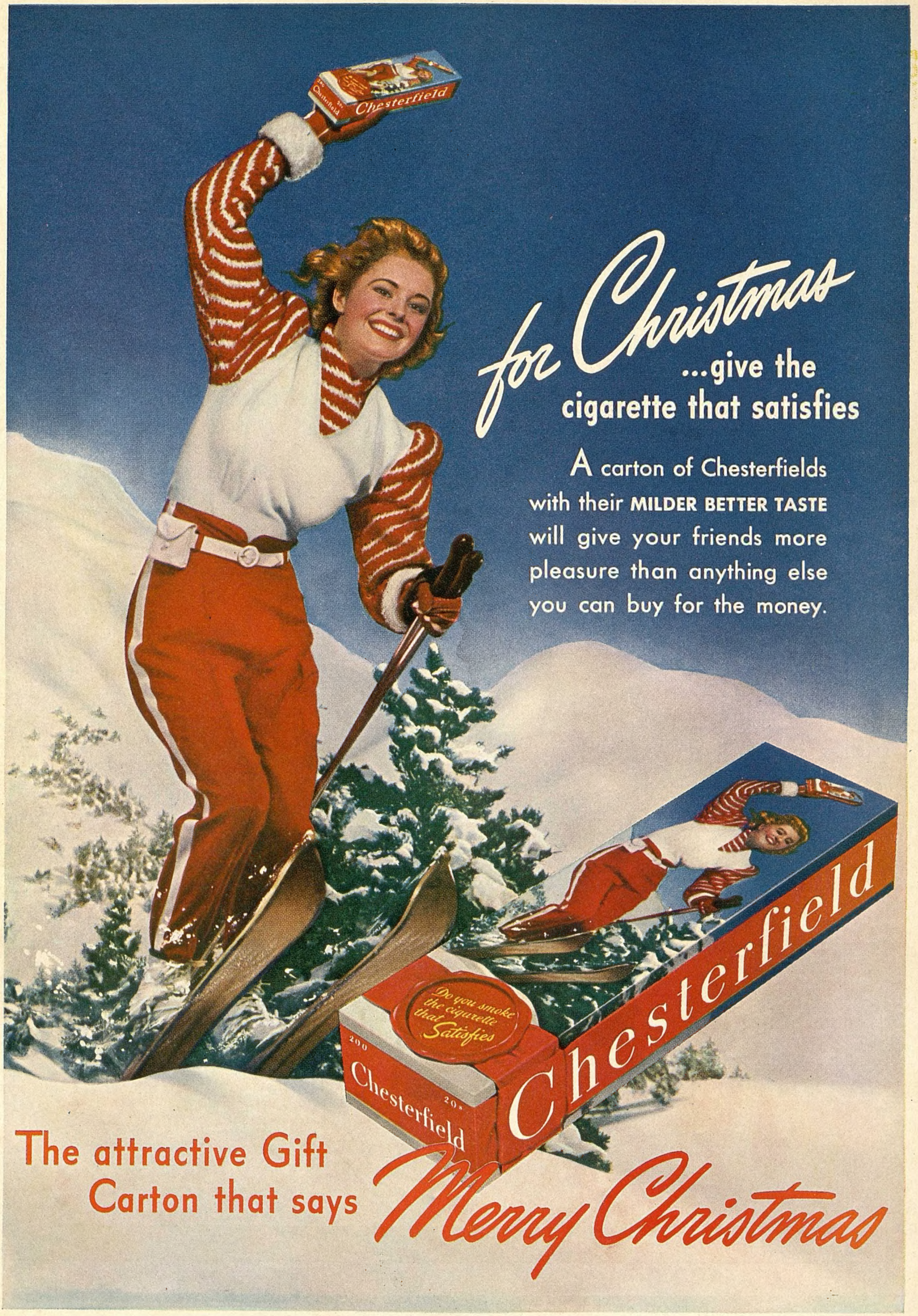
On February 12, 1934, the aluminum streamliner, visioned in 1928, rolled out of the shops. A new era in railroading started then and there.

Today, in 1940, the mill itself has become an important factor in making aluminum still more useful to many other industries.

In addition to structural shapes for the ship-building, electrical, and construction fields it rolls large quantities of big "rounds," "squares," and "rectangles" from which tough forgings are hammered and from which strong parts are machined directly for a great variety of uses in aircraft and metal fabricating.

These are samples of the ways in which one forward-looking investment has come to benefit many industries. Also, Leo Leboeuf, and others like him in the Alcoa Family, owe their jobs directly to that investment. In many ways, this is an example of how American industry works.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA


Chesterfield
Chesterfield
Do you smoke the cigarette that Satisfies
200
20's
Chesterfield
Chesterfield

for Christmas

...give the cigarette that satisfies

A carton of Chesterfields with their **MILDER BETTER TASTE** will give your friends more pleasure than anything else you can buy for the money.

The attractive Gift Carton that says *Merry Christmas*

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